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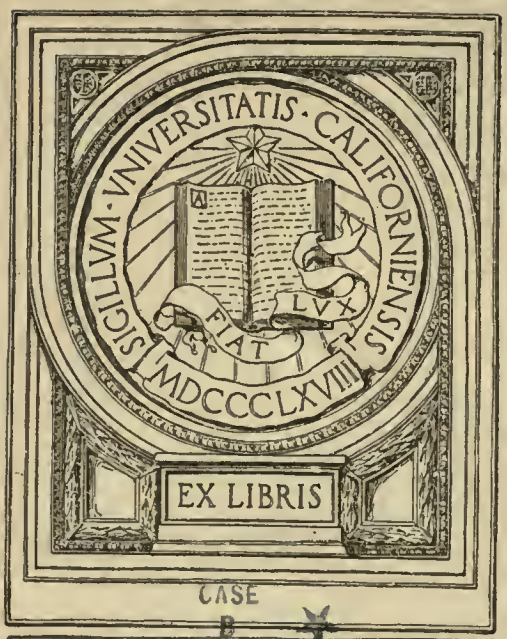

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Eastward Hoe

Made by Geo: Chapman and Others

Date of the first known edition 1605

[*B. M.*, *C.* 12. *g.* 4. (4).]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Eastward Hoe

Made by GEO: CHAPMAN and Others

1605

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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PR244
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Eastward Hoe

Written by George Chapman

1605

This facsimile is from the B. M. copy: other examples are at Bodley and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Halliwell mentions three editions in the year 1605, *Hazlitt says four, but Greg records two only.*

Ben Jonson and Marston appear to have had a hand with Chapman in writing this play, which brought the authors into some trouble on account of satirical reflections on the Scots followers of James I. (see Bullen in D. N. B.). These allusions are to be found in a few only of the extant copies.

The reproduction from the original copy is satisfactorily and carefully done. Some of the pages are badly clipped. Where these interfere with the text they will be given, in duplicate where possible, in one of the volumes of "Fragments."

JOHN S. FARMER.

292449

EASTVVARD HOE.

As

It was playd in the

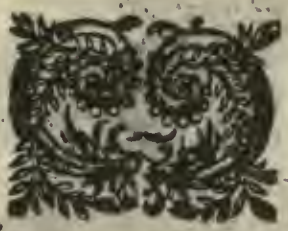
Black-friers.

By

The Children of her Maiesties Reuels.

Made by

GEO: CHAPMAN. BEN: IONSON. IOH: MARSTON.

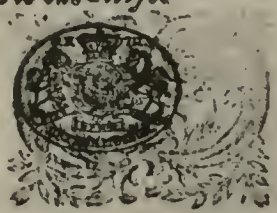


AT LONDON
Printed for *William Aſpley.*
1605.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PROLOGVS.

NOt out of Enuy, for ther's no effect
Where there's no cause: nor out of imitation
For we haue euermore bin Imitated;
Nor out of our contention to doe better
Then that which is oppos'd to ours in Title,
For that was good, and better cannot be
And for the Title if it seeme affected
We might as well haue cal'de it, god you good Euen:
Onely that East-ward, West-wards still exceedes,
Honour the Sunnes faire rising not his setting:
Nor is our Title vtterly enforc'te,
As by the points we touch at, you shall see;
Beare with our willing paines, if dull or witty,
Wee onely dedicate it to the Citty.



EASTWARD HOE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Maiſter Touchſtone, and Quickſiluer at ſeuerall dores, Quickſiluer with his hat, pumps, ſhort ſword & dagger, & a racket truſſed vp vnder his cloake. At the middle dore, Enter Golding diſcouering a Gold-ſmiths ſhoppe, and walking ſhort turnes before it.

Touchſtone.

AND whether with you now? what looſe action are you bound for? come what cõrades are you to meete withall? whers the ſupper? whers the randeuous?

Qui. Indeed, & in very good ſober truth, ſir.

Touc. Indeed, & in very good ſober truth ſir Behind my back thou wilt ſweare faſter then a french foot-boy, and talke more baudily then a common midwife, and now indeed and in very good ſober truth Sir: but if a priuie ſearch ſhold be made, with what furniture are you riggd now? Sirrah I tell thee, I am thy maiſter *Williã Touchſtone* Gold-ſmith: and thou my Prentiſe *Francis Quick-ſiluer* and I will ſee whether you are running. *Worke vpon that now:*

Quick. Why Sir I hope a man may vſe his recreation with his Maſters profit.

Touch. Prentiſes recreations are ſeldome with their maſters profit. *Worke vpõ that now.* You ſhal giue vp your cloake tho you be no Aldermã. Heyday, Ruffins hal. Sword, pumps, heers a Racket indeed. *Touch. vncloaks Quic.*

Quick. Worke vpon that now.

Touch. Thou ſhameleſſe varlet doeſt thou ieſt at thy Lawfull maiſter contrary to thy Indentures?

Quic. Zbloud ſir, my mother's a Gentlewoman and my father a Iuſtice of peace, & of *Quorum*, & tho I am a yonger brother & a prentiſe, yet I hope I am my fathers ſon: & by Godſſidde, tis for your worſhip & for your cõmodity that I keepe company. I am intertaind among gallants, true: They cal me cozẽ *Franck*, right; I lend thẽ monyes, good: they ſpend it, well: But when they are ſpent, muſt not they ſtriue to get more muſt not their land flie? and to whom: ſhall not your worſhippe ha'the refuſall? well

I am a good member of the Citty if I were well conſidered. How would Merchants thriue, if Gentlemen would not be vnthrifts? How could Gentlemen bee vnthrifts if their humours were not fed? How ſhould their humours be fedde but by white meate, and cunning ſeconding? well, the Citty might conſider vs. I am going to an Ordinary now; the gallants fall to play, I carry light golde with me: the gallants call cozen *Francke* ſome golde for ſiluer, I change, gaine by it, the gallants looſe the golde; and then call coozen *Francke* lend me ſome ſiluer. Why ——

Touch. Why? I cannot tell, ſeuen ſcore pound art thou out in the caſh, but looke to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monyes. And as for my riſing by other mens fall; God ſhield me. Did I gaine my wealth by Ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of Gallants companie, no, I hired me a little ſhop, fought low tooke ſmall gaine, kept no debt booke, garniſhed my ſhop for want of Plate, with good wholſome thriftie ſentences; As *Touchſtone, keepe thy ſhoppe, and thy ſhoppe will keepe thee. Light gaines makes heauie purſes. 'Tis good to be merry and wiſe:* And when I was wiu'de, hauing ſomething to ſticke too, I had the horne of Suretiſhip euer before my eyes: You all know the deuiſe of the Horne, where the young fellow ſlippes in at the Butte end, and comes ſqueſd out at the Buckall: and I grew vp, and I praiſe prouidence, I beare my browes now as high as the beſt of my neighbours: but thou--well looke to the accounts, your fathers bond lyes for you: ſeuen ſcore pound is yet in the reere.

Quick. Why Slid ſir, I haue as good, as proper gallants words for it as any are in London, gentlemen of good phraſe, perfect language, paſſingly behau'd, Gallants that weare ſockes and cleane linnen, and call me kinde coozen *Francke*, good coozen *Francke*; for they know my Father: and by godſlidde ſhall not I truſt 'hem? not truſt?

Enter a Page as inquiring for Touchſtones Shoppe.

Gold. What doe ye lacke Sir? What iſt you'le buye Sir?

Touchſtone. I marry Sir. ther's a youth of another peece. There's thy fellowe-Prentiſe, as good a Gentleman borne as thou art: nay, and better mean'd. But does he pumpe it, or Racket it? Well, if he thriue not, if hee out-laſt not a hundred ſuch crackling

crackling Bauins as thou art, God and men neglect induſtry.

Gold. It is his ſhop, and here my M. walkes. *To the Page.*

Touch. With me Boy?

Page. My M. Sir *Petronell Flaſh*, recommends his loue to you, and will inſtantly viſit you.

Touch. To make vp the match with my eldeſt daughter, my wiues Dilling, whom ſhe longs to call Madam. Hee ſhall finde me vnwillingly readie Boy. *Exit Page.*

Ther's another affliction too. As I haue two Prentiſes: the one of a boundleſſe prodigalitie, the other of a moſt hopefull Induſtrie. So haue I onely two daughters: the eldeſt, of a proud ambition and nice wantonneſſe: the other of a modeſt humilitie and comely ſoberneſſe. The one muſt bee Ladyfied forſooth: and be attir'd iuſt to the Court-cut, and long tayle. So farre is ſhee ill naturde to the place and meanes of my preferment and fortune, that ſhee throwes all the contempt and deſpight, hatred it ſelfe can caſt vpon it. Well, a peece of Land ſhe has, t'was her Grandmothers gift? let her, and her Sir *Petronel*, flaſh out that: But as for my ſubſtance, ſhee that skornes me, as I am a Citizen and Trades-man, ſhall neuer pamper her pride with my induſtry: ſhall neuer vſe me as men do Foxes: keepe themſelues warme in the skinne, and throwe the bodie that bare it to the dung-hill. I muſt goe entertaine this Sir *Petronell*. *Goulding*, My vtmoſt care's for thee, and onely truſt in thee, looke to the ſhop, as for you, Maiſter *Quickeſiluer*, thinke of huskes, for thy courſe is running directly to the prodigalls hogs trough huskes S^r^a. *Worke vpon that now.* *Exit Touch.*

Quick. Mary fough goodman flat-cap: Sfoot tho I am a Prentiſe I can giue armes, my Father's a iuſtice a peace by deſcent: and zbloud ——————

Gould. Fye how you ſweare.

Quick. Sfoote man I am a Gentleman and may ſweare by my pedegree, Gods my life. Sirrah *Goulding*, wilt bee ruled by a foole turne good fellow, turne ſwaggering gallant: and *let the Welkin roare, and Erebus alſo*: Looke not *Weſtward* to the fall of *Don Phœbus*, but to the Eaſt, *Eaſtward hoe.*

" *Where radiant beames of Iuſtie* Sol *appeare,*
" *And bright* Eous *makes the welken cleare.*

Wee are both Gentlemen, and therefore ſhould bee no cox-

combes: lets be no longer fooles to this flat-cap *Touchſtone*. Eaſt-ward Bully: this Sattin belly, & Canuas back? *Touchſtone:* Slife man his father was a Malt-man, and his mother ſould Ginger-bread in Chriſt-church.

Gould. What would you ha'me doe?

Quick. Why do nothing, be like a Gentlemã, be idle, the curſſe of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with teſtones, & make Duckes and Drakes with ſhillings: What Eaſtward hoe. Wilt thou crie, what iſt ye lack? ſtand with a bare pate, & a dropping noſe, vnder a wodden penthouſe, and art a gentleman? wilt thou beare Tankards, and maiſt beare Armes? be rul'd, turne gallant, Eaſtward hoe, *ta, lyre, lyre, ro, who calls Ieronimo? ſpeake here I am:* gods ſo, how like a ſheepe thou lookeſt, a my conſcience ſome cowheard begot thee, thou *Goulding* of *Goulding-hall*, ha boy?

Gould. Goe, ye are a prodigall coxecome, I a cowheards ſon, becauſe I turne not a drunken whore-hunting rake-hel like thy ſelfe? *Offers to draw, &* Goulding *trips vp his heeles*

Quick. Rake-hell? rake-hell? *(& holds him.*

Gould. Piſh, in ſofte tearmes ye are a cowardly braging boy, Ile ha you whipt.

Quick. Whipt, thats good i faith, vntruſſe me?

Go. No, thou wilt vndoe thy ſelfe. Alas, I behold thee with pitty, not with anger: thou common ſhot-clog, gull of all companies: me thinkes I ſee thee alreadie walking in Moore fieldes without a Cloake, with halfe a Hat, without a band, a doublet with three Buttons: without a girdle: a hoſe with one point, and no Garter, with a cudgell vnder thine arme, borrowing and begging three pence.

Quick. Nay Slife, take this and take all: as I am a Gentle-man borne, Ile be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. *Exit.*

Gould. Goe thou moſt madly vaine, whom nothing can recouer but that which reclaimes Atheiſts, and makes great perſons ſome times religious: Calamitie. As for my place and life thus I haue read:

VVhat ere ſome vainer youth may terme diſgrace,
The gaine of honeſt paines is neuer baſe:
From trades, from arts, from valour, honour ſprings,
Theſe three are founts of Gentry, yea of Kings.

Enter

Enter Girtred, Mildred, Bettrice, and Poldauie a Taylor, Poldauie with a faire gowne, Scotch Vardingal and French-fal in his armes. Girtred in a French head attire, and Cittizens gowne, Mildred sowing, and Bettrice leading a Monkey after her.

Gir. For the passion of patience, looke if sir *Petronel* appoach, that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that — for loues sake tell me if he come. O sister *Mil.* though my father bee a low capt tradsman, yet I must be a Ladie: and I praise God my mother must cal me Madam, (does he come?) off with this gowne for shames sake, off with this gowne: let not my Knight take me in the cittie-cut in any hand: tear't, pax ont (does he come?) tear't of. *Thus whilst she sleepes, I sorrow, for her sake, &c.*

Mil. Lord sister, with what an immodest impatiencie and disgracefull scorne, do you put off your cittie tire: I am sorrie to thinke you imagine to right your selfe, in wronging that which hath made both you and vs.

Girt. I tell you I cannot indure it, I must bee a Lady: doe you weare your Quoiffe with a London licket: your Stamen peticoate with two guardes, the Buffin gowne with the tuftaffitie cape, and the Veluet lace. I must be a Lady, and I will be a Lady. I like some humors of the Citty Dames well, to eate Cherries onely at an Angell a pound, good, to die rich Scarlet, black, prety: to line a Grogarom gowne cleane thorough with veluet, tollerable: their pure linen, their smocks of 3. li. a smock are to be borne withall. But your minsing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticotes, and siluer bodkins — Gods my life, as I shal be a Lady I cannot indure it. Is he come yet? Lord what a long Knight tis! *And euer she cride shout home,* and yet I knewe one longer, *and euer she cride shout home, fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.*

Mil. Well Sister, those that scorne their nest, oft flie with a sicke wing. *Gir. Boe-bell.*

Mil. Where Titles presume to thrust before fit meanes to second them, wealth and respect often growe sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth. *Where ambition of place goes before fitnes of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a Scholler once saie, that *Vlisses* when he coũterfeited himselfe madde, yoakt cattes and foxes, & dogges together to draw his plowe, whiles hee followed and sowed salt: But sure I iudge them truelie madde, that yoake ciuzens & courtiers

tiers, trades men & ſouldiers, a goldſmiths daughter & a knight: well ſiſter, pray God my father ſow not ſalt too.

Gir. Alas, poore *Mil.* when I am a Lady, ile pray for thee, yet I-faith: Nay, & ile vouchſafe to call thee ſiſter *Mil.* ſtill, for though thou art not like to be a Lady as I am, yet ſure thou art a creature of Gods making; & maiſt peraduenture to be ſau'd as ſoone as I, (dos he come?) *And euer and anon ſhe doubled in her ſong.* Now (Ladies my comfort) What a prophane Ape's here! Tailer, *Poldavis*, prethee fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot? Does it clip cloſe? and beare vp round?

Pold. Fine & ſtifly iſaith, twill keepe your thighes ſo coole and make your waſt ſo ſmall: here was a fault in your body, but I haue ſupplied the defect, with the effect of my ſteele inſtrument, which, though it haue but one eye, can ſee to rectifie the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Moſt ædefiyng Tailer! I proteſt you Tailers are moſt ſanctified members, and make many crooked thing goe vpright. How muſt I beare my hands? light? light?

Pold. O I, now you are in the Lady-faſhion, you muſt doe all things light. Tread light, light, light and fall ſo: that's the court-Amble, *She trips about the ſtage.*

Gir. Has the Court nere a trot? *Pol.* No, but a falſe gallop, Ladie.

Gir. And if ſhe will not go to bed. *Cantat.*

Bet. The Knight's come forſooth.

Enter ſir Petronel. M. Touchſtone. & Miſt. Touchſtone.

Gir. Is my Knight come? O the Lord. My band? Siſter doo my cheekes looke well? giue me a litle boke a the eare that I may ſeeme to bluſh: now, now, So, there, there, there! heere he is: O my deereſt delight, Lord, Lord, & how dos my Knight?

Touch. Fie, with more modeſtie.

Gyr. Modeſty! why, I am no Citizen now, modeſtie? Am I not to be maried? y'are beſt to keepe me modeſt now I am to be (a Lady.

Sir. Pet. Boldnes is good faſhion and courtlike,

Gir. I, in a country Lady I hope it it: as I ſhall be. And how chance ye came no ſooner knight?

Sir. Pet. Faith, I was ſo intertain'd in the progreſſe with one Count *Epernoum* a welch knight: we had a match at *Baloone* too, with my Lord *Whachum*, for to wre crownes. (Knight.

Gir. At *Baboon*? *Ieſu*! you & I wil play at *Baboon* in the country?

Sir. Pet.

Sir.Pet. O ſweet Lady: tis a ſtrong play with the arme.

Gir. With arme, or legge, or any other member: if it be a court-ſport. And when ſhal's be married my Knight?

Sir.Pet. I come now to conſumate it; and your father may call a poore Knight, Sonne in Law.

M.Touch. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keepe, I muſt not be ſorry to forgoe: A 100 li. Land her Grandmother left her, tis yours, her ſelfe (as her mothers gift) is yours. But if you expect ought from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I doe not giue blindly. *Worke vpon that now.*

Sir.Pet. Sir, you miſtruſt not my meanes? I am a Knight.

Touch. Sir, Sir; What I know not, you will giue me leaue to ſay I am ignorant of.

Miſt.Touch. Yes, that he is a Knight; I know where he had money to pay the Gentlemen Vſhers, and Heralds their Fees. I, that he is a knight: & ſo might you haue beene too, if you had beene ought elſe then an aſſe, as well as ſome of your neighbours. And I thought you would not ha beene Knighted, (as I am an honeſt woman) I would ha dub'd you my ſelf, I praiſe God I haue wherwithall. But as for you daughter. ——

Gir. I mother. I muſt be a Lady to morrow: and by your leaue mother, (I ſpeake it not without my duty, but onely in the right of my husband) I muſt take place of you, Mother.

Miſt.Touch. That you ſhall Lady-daughter, & haue a Coach as well as I too.

Gir. Yes mother. But by your leaue mother, (I ſpeake it not without my duty, but onely in my husbands right) my Coach-horſes muſt take the wall of your coach-horſes.

Touch. Come, come, the day growes low: tis ſupper time; vſe my houſe, the wedding ſolemnity is at my wifes coſt; thanke mee for nothing but my willing bleſſing: for (I cannot faine) my hopes are faint. And Sir reſpect my daughter, ſhe has refus'd for you, wealthy and honeſt matches, known good men, wel monied, better traded, beſt reputed.

Gir. Body a truth, *Chittizens, Chittizens.* Sweet Knight, as ſoone as euer we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miſerable *Chitty*, preſently, carry mee out of the ſent of *New-caſtle Coale*, & the hearing of *Boe-bell*, I beſeech thee downe with me for God ſake.

Touch. Well daughter, I haue read that old wit ſings;
The greateſt riuers flow from little ſprings.
Though thou art full, ſkorne not thy meanes at firſt,
He that's moſt drunke may ſooneſt be a thirſt.
Worke vpon that now.

All but Touchſtone, Mildred, and Goulding depart.

No no; yon'd ſtand my hopes.

Mildred. Come hither daughter. And how approue you your ſiſters faſhion? how doe you phant'ſie her choice? what doeſt thou thinke?

Mil. I hope as a ſiſter, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay but how doeſt thou like her behauiour & humour? ſpeake freely.

Mil. I am loath to ſpeake ill: and yet I am ſorry of this I cannot ſpeake well.

Touch. Well: very good, as I would wiſh: a modeſt anſwere. *Goulding*, come hither: hither *Goulding*. How doeſt thou like the Knight, Sir *Flaſh*? dos he not looke big? howe likſt thou the *Elephant*? he ſaies he has a caſtle in the countrie.

Goul. Pray heauen, the *Elephant* carry not his caſtle on his back.

Touch. Fore heauen very wel: But ſeriouſly, how doeſt repute (him?

Gould. The beſt I can ſay of him is, I know him not?

Touch. Ha *Goulding!* I commend thee, I approue thee, & will make it appeare my affection is ſtrong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Doſt thou ſee my daughter here? ſhe is not faire, well-fauoured or ſo, indifferent, which modeſt meaſure o' beauty, ſhall not make it thy onely worke to watch her, nor ſufficient miſchance, to ſuſpect her. Thou art towardly, ſhee is modeſt, thou art prouident, ſhe is carefull. Shee's nowe mine: giue me thy hand, ſhee's now thine. *Worke vpon that now.*

Goul. Sir, as your ſon I honor you; and as your ſeruant obey you.

Touch. Saiſt thou ſo, come hither *Mildred.* Do you ſee yon'd fellow? he is a Gentleman (tho my Prentiſe) and has ſomwhat to take too: a Youth of Good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? You are his. *Worke (you) vpon that now.*

Mil. Sir, I am all yours: your body gaue me life, your care and loue hapineſſe of life: let your vertue ſtill direct it, for to your wiſdome I wholy diſpoſe my ſelfe.

Touch. Saiſt thou ſo? be ye two better acquainted. Lip her,

Lip

Lip her knaue. So ſhut vp ſhop: in. We muſt make holiday.

This match ſhall on, for I intend to proue *Ex. Goul. and Mil.*
Which thriues the beſt, the meane or lofty loue.
Whether fit Wedlock vowd twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly ere ſtrike
Their place and meanes: tis honeſt Times expence,
When ſeeming lightneſſe beares a morrall ſenſe.
Worke vpon that now. *Exit.*

Actus ſecundi. Scena Prima.

Touchſtone, Quickſiluer, Goulding and Mildred, ſitting on either ſide of the Hall.

Touch. *Quickſiluer*, Maiſter *Francis Quickſiluer*. Maiſter *Quickſiluer*. *Enter Quickſiluer.*

Quic. Here ſir; (*vmp.*)

Touc. So ſir; nothing but flat Maſter *Quicksiluer* (without any familiar addition) wil fetch you: will you truſſe my points ſir?

Quick. I for ſooth: (*vmp.*)

Touch. How now ſir? the druncken hyckop, ſo ſoone this morning?

Quick. Tis but the coldneſſe of my ſtomake forſooth.

Touch. what? haue you the cauſe naturall for it? y'are a very learned drunkerd: I beleeue I ſhall miſſe ſome of my ſiluer ſpoones with your learning. The nuptiall night will not moiſten your throat ſufficiently, but the morning likewiſe muſt raine her dewes into your gluttonous weſand.

Quick. An't pleaſe you ſir, we did but drinke (*vmp.*) to the comming off, of the Knightly Bride groome.

Touch. To the comming off an' him?

Quic. I forſooth: we druncke to his comming on (*vmp.*) when we went to bed; and now we are vp, we muſt drinke to his comming off: for thats the chiefe honour of a Souldier ſir, & therfore we muſt drinke ſo much the more to it, forſooth. (*vmp.*)

Touch. A very capitall reaſon. So that you goe to bed late, & riſe early to commit drunkeneſſe? you fulfill the Scripture verie ſufficient wickedly forſooth.

Quic. The Knights men forſooth be ſtill a their knees at it. (*vmp*) & becauſe tis for your credit ſir, I would be loth to flinch.

Touch. I pray ſir, een to'hem againe then; y'are one of the ſe-

perated crew, one of my wiues faction; and my young Ladies, with whom, & with their great match, I wil haue nothing to do.

Quick. So ſir, now I will go keepe my (*vmp*) credit with them an't pleaſe you ſir.

Touch. In any caſe Sir, lay one cup of Sack more a'your cold ſtomacke, I beſeech you. *Quick.* Yes forſooth. *Exit Quick.*

Touch. This is for my credit, Seruants euer maintaine drunkennes in their Maiſters houſe, for their maiſters credites: a good idle Seruing-mans reaſon: I thanke time the night is paſt; I nere wakt to ſuch coſt; I thinke wee haue ſtowd more ſorts of fleſh in our bellies, then euer *Noahs* Arke receiued: and for Wine, why my houſe turnes giddie with it, and more noiſe in it then at a Conduict; Aye me, euen beaſtes condemne our gluttonie, Well 'tis our Cities fault, which becauſe we commit ſeldome, we commit the more ſinfully, we loſe no time in our ſenſualitie, but we make amends for it; O that we would do ſo in vertue, & religious negligences; but ſee here are al the ſober parcels my houſe can ſhow, Ile eaueſdrop, heare what thoughts they vtter this morning.

Enter Goulding.

Goul. But is it poſſible, that you ſeeing your ſiſter preferd to the bed of a Knight, ſhould containe your affections in the armes of a Prentice?

Myl, I had rather make vp the garment of my affections in ſome of the ſame peece, then like a foole weare gownes of two coulours, or mixe Sackcloth with Sattin.

Goul. And doe the coſtly garments; the tittle and fame of a Lady, the faſhion, obſeruation, & reuerence proper to ſuch preferment, no more enflame you, then ſuch conuenience as my poore meanes and induſtrie can offer to your vertues?

Mil. I haue obſeru'd that the bridle giuen to thoſe violent flatteries of fortune, is ſeldome recouered: they beare one headlong in deſire from one noueltie to another: and where thoſe ranging appetites raigne, there is euer more paſsion then reaſon, no ſtay, and ſo no happineſſe. Theſe haſtie aduancements are not naturall. Nature hath giuen vs legges, to go to our obiects; not wings to flie to them.

Goul. Howe deare an obiect you are to my deſires I cannot expreſſe, whoſe fruition would my Maiſters abſolute conſent and yours vouchſafe me, I ſhould bee abſolutely happie. And

though

though it were a grace ſo farre beyond my merit, that I ſhould bluſh with vnworthineſſe to receiue it. yet thus far both my loue & my meanes ſhall aſſure your requital; you ſhal want nothing fit for your birth and education; what encreaſe of wealth & aduancement, the honeſt and orderly induſtrie & skil of our trade will affoorde in any, I doubt not will be aſpirde by me, I will euer make your contentment the end of my endeuours; I will loue you aboue all, and onely your griefe ſhall bee my miſery, and your delight, my felicitye.

Touch. *Worke vpon that now.* By my hopes, he woes honeſtly and orderly: he ſhalbe Anchor of my hopes, Looke, ſee the ill yoakt monſter his fellow.

Enter Quick ſiluer vnlac'd, a towell about his necke, in his flat Cap, drunk.

Quick. Eaſtward Hoe: *Holla ye pampered Iades of Aſia.*

Touch Drunke now downe right, a, my, fidelity.

Quick. Am pum pull eo, Pullo: ſhowſe quot the Caliuer.

Goul. Fie fellow *Quick ſiluer*, what a pickle are you in?

Quick. Pickle? pickle in thy throat: zounes pickle? wa ha ho, good morrow knight *Petronel*: morrow lady Gouldſmith, come of Knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Goul. Why how now ſir? doe ye know where you are?

Quick. Where I am? why ſblood you ioulthead where I am?

Goul Go too, go too, for ſhame goe to bed and ſleepe out this immodeſtie: thou ſham'ſt both my maiſter and his houſe.

Quick. Shame? what ſhame? I thought thou wouldſt ſhowe thy bringing vp: & thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldſt thinke it no ſhame to be drunke. Lend me ſome monye, ſaue my credit, I muſt dine with the ſeruing men and their wiues: & their wiues ſirha.

Gould. Eene who you will, Ile not lend thee three pence.

Quick. S'foote lend me ſome monye, *haſt thou not Hyren here?*

Touch. Why how now ſirha? what vain's this, hah?

Quick. *Who cries on murther? Lady was it you?* how does our maiſter? pray thee crie Eaſtward hoe? (drunke

Touch. Sirha, ſirha, y'are paſt your hick vp now, I ſee y'are

Quick. Tis for your credit maiſter.

Touch. And here you keepe a whore in towne.

Quick. Tis for your credit Maiſter.

Touch. And what you are out in Caſhe, I know.

Quick. So do I: my father's a Gentleman, *Worke vpon that now*, Eastward hoe.

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe, will make you go Westward hoe: I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your licence: There sir, there's your Indenture, all your apparell (that I must know) is on your back: & from this time my doore is shut to you: from me be free: but for other freedome, and the monyes you haue wasted, Eastward hoe, shall not serue you.

Quick. Am I free a my fetters? Rente: Flye with a Duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee *Touchstone* ——————

Touch. Good sir.

Quick. *When this eternall substance of my soule.*

Touch. Well said, change your gold ends for your play ends.

Quick. *Did liue imprison'd in my wanton flesh.*

Touch. What then sir? (*my name.*

Quic. *I was a Courtier in the Spanish court, & Don Andrea was*

Touch. Good maister *Don Andrea* will you marche?

Quick. Sweete *Touchstone*, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. Not a penny? I haue friends, & I haue acquaintance, I wil passe at thy shop posts, and throw rotten Egges at thy signe: *Worke vpon that now.* *Exit staggering.*

Tou. Now sirha, you? heare you? you shall serue me no more neither: not an houre longer. *Goul.* What meane you sir?

Touch. I meane to giue thee thy freedome: and with thy freedome my daughter: and with my daughter, a fathers loue. And with all these such a portion, as shal make Knight *Petronel* himselfe enuie thee: y'are both agreed? are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission, both of thanks and dutie.

Touch. Well then, the great power of heauen bless: and confirme you. And, *Goulding*, that my loue to thee may not showe lesse then my wiues loue to my eldest daughter: thy marriage feast shall equall the Knights and hers.

Goul. Let mee beseech you, no Sir, the superfluitie and colde meate left at their Nuptials, will with bountie furnish ours. The grossest prodigalitie is superfluous cost of the Belly: nor would I wish any inuitement of States or friends, onely your reuerent presence and witnesse shal sufficiently grace and confirme vs.

Touc. Sonne to mine owne bosome, take her and my blessing: The nice fondling, my Lady sir-reuerence, that I must not now

presume:

presume to call daughter, is so rauish't with desire to hansell her new Coache, and see her knights *Eastward Castle*, that the next morning will sweat with her busie setting forth, away will shee and her mother, & while their preparation is making, our selues with some two or three other friends will consumate the humble matche, we haue in Gods name concluded.

Tis to my wish; for I haue often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keepes long a quiet bed.
Tis to my wish; for Tradesmen (well tis knowne)
Get with more ease, then Gentrie keepes his owne. *Exit.*

Ent. Secu. My priuie Guest, lustie *Quichsiluer*, has drunke too deepe of the Bride-boule, but with a little sleepe he is much recouered; and I thinke is making himselfe ready to be drunke in a gallanter likenes: My house is as t'were the Caue, where the yong Out-lawe hoords the stolne vailes of his occupation; And here when he will reuell it in his prodigall similitude, he retires to his Trunks and (I may say softly) his Punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of both: for I am Securitie it selfe, my name is *Securitie*, the famous Vsurer.

Enter Quick. in his prentises Cote & Cap, his gallant breeches. and Stockings, gartering himselfe, Securitie following.

Quic. Come old *Securitie*, thou father of destruction: th' indented Sheepskin is burn'd wherein I was wrapt, & I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into my vsurous bonds. Thou feed'st my Lecherie, and I thy Couetousnes: Thou art Pander to me for my wench; and I to thee for thy coosenages: K. me, K. thee runnes through Court and Countrey.

Secu. Well said my subtle *Quic.* Those K's ope the dores to all this worlds felicity: the dullest forhead sees it. Let not mast. Courtier think he caries al the knauery on his shoulders: I haue known poore *Hob* in the country, that has worne hob-nailes on's shoes, haue as much villany, in's head, as he that weares gold bottōs in's cap. *Quick.* Why man, 'tis the London high-way to thrift, if vertue be vsde; tis but a scape to the nette of villanie. They that vse it simplie, thriue simplie I warrant: Waight and fashion makes Goldsmiths Cockoldes.

Enter Synd. with Quick. siluers Doublet, Cloake, Rapier, & Dagger.

Synd. Here sir, put of the other halfe of your Prentiship.

Quic. Well said sweet *Syn:* bring forth my brauerie,
Now let my Truncks shoote forth their silkes conceald,

Inow

I now am free; and now will iuſtifie
My Frunkes and Punkes: Auant dull Flat-cap then,
Via, the curtaine that ſhadowed *Borgia*;
There lie thou huske of my enuaſſail'd State.
I *Sampſon* now, haue burſt the *Philiſtins* Bands,
And in thy lappe my louely *Dulida*,
Ile lie, and ſnore out my enfranchiſde ſtate.

When Sampſon *was a tall yong man*
His power and ſtrength increaſed than,
He ſold no more, nor Cup, nor Can,
But did them all deſpiſe.

Old Touchſtone *now writ to thy friends*
For one to ſell thy baſe gold ends,
Quickſiluer, *now no more attends*
Thee Touchſtone.

But Dad, haſt thou ſeene my running Gelding dreſt to daie?

Secu. That I haue *Franck*, the Oſtler a'th Cocke, dreſt him for a Breakfaſt.

Quick. what did he eate him?

Secu. No, but he eate his breakfaſt for dreſſing him: and ſo dreſt him for breakfaſt.

Quickſiluer. O wittie Age, where age is yong in witte,
And all youths words haue gray beardes full of it!

Secu. But ahlas *Franck*, how will all this bee maintain'd nowe? Your place maintain'd it before.

Quic. Why & I maintaind my place. Ile to the Court, another manner of place for maintainance I hope then the ſilly Citty. I heard my father ſay, I heard my mother ſing a nold ſong and a true: *Thou art a ſhe foole, & knowſt not what belongs to our male wiſdome.* I ſhalbe a Merchant forſooth: truſt my eſtate in a wooden Trough as he does? What are theſe ſhips but tennis Balls for the winds to play withal? Toſt from one waue to another; Now vnder-line; Now ouer the houſe; Sometimes Brick-wal'd againſt a Rocke ſo that the gutts flie out againe: ſometimes ſtrooke vnder the wide Hazzard, and farewell M. Merchant.

Syn. Well *Franck*. wel; the ſeas you ſay are vncertaine: But he that ſaiies in your Court ſeas, ſhall finde 'hem ten times fuller of hazzard; wherin to ſee what is to be ſeene, is torment more thē a free Spirit can indure; But when you come to ſuffer, how many iniuries ſwallow you? What care and deuotion muſt you vſe to humour an imperious Lord? proportion your looks to his looks? ſmiles to his ſmiles? fit your ſailes to the winde of his breath?

Qui. Tuſh hee's no Iourney-man in his craft that cannot do that.

Sin. But hee's worſe then a Prentiſe that does it, not onely humoring the Lord, but euery Trencherbearer, euery Groome that by indulgence & intelligēce crept into his fauour, & by pandariſme

into

into his chamber,he rules the roſte: And when my honourable Lord ſaies it ſhall be thus, my worſhipfull Raſcall (the grome of his cloſe ſtoole)ſaies it ſhal not be thus,claps the doore after him, and who dares enter? A Prentiſe,quoth you? tis but to learne to liue,and does that diſgrace a man ? hee that riſes hardly,ſtands firmely:but he that riſes with eaſe,Alas,falles as eaſily.

Quick. A pox on you,who taught you this moralitie?

Secu. Tis long of this wittie Age,M.*Francis*.But indeed,Miſt. *Syndefie*,all Trades complaine of inconuenience,and therfore tis beſt to haue none. The Merchant hee complaines , and ſaies, Trafficke is ſubiect to much incertaintie and loſſe:let 'hem keepe their goods on drie land with a vengeance,and not expoſe other mens ſubſtances to the mercie of the windes,vnder protection of a wodden wall)as M.*Francis* ſaies)and all for greedie deſire, to enrich thẽſelues with vnconſcionable gaine,two for one,or ſo: where I,and ſuch other honeſt men as liue by lending monie,are content with moderate profit; Thirtie, or fortie i'th'hundred, ſo we may haue it with quietnes,and out of perill of winde and weather,rather then runne thoſe daungerous courſes of trading as they doe.

Quick. I Dad,thou maiſt well be called *Security*, for thou takeſt the ſafeſt courſe.

Secu. Faith the quieter,and the more contented; & out of doubt the more godly.For Merchants in their courſes are neuer pleaſ'd but euer repining againſt heauen: One prayes for a Weſterlie wind to carry his ſhip forth;another for an Eaſterly,to bring his ſhip home,& at euery ſhaking of a leafe, he falles into an agony,to thinke what danger his Shippe is in one ſuch a Coaſt, and ſo foorth. The Farmer he is euer at oddes with the Weather, ſometimes the clouds haue beene too barren; Sometimes the Heauens forget themſelues, their Haruеſts anſwere not their hopes:Sometimes the Seaſon falls out too fruitfull, Corne will beare no price and ſo foorth. Th'Artificer,he's all for a ſtirring world, if this Trade be too full,and fall ſhort of his expectation, then falles he out of ioynt.Where we that trade nothing but money,are free from all this,we are pleaſd with all weathers: let it raine or hold vp,be calme or windy,let the ſeaſon be whatſoeuer,let Trade go how it will,we take all in good part, een what pleaſe the heauẽs to ſend vs,ſo the ſun ſtãd not ſtil,& the moone keepe her vſuall returnes;and make vp daies,moneths,& yeeres.

Quick. And you haue good ſecutitie?

Secu. I mary *Francke*, that's the ſpeciall point.

Quick. And yet forſooth we muſt haue trades to liue withal; For we cannot ſtād without legges, nor flye without wings. & a number of ſuch skuruie phraſes. No, I ſay ſtill, he that has wit, let him liue by his wit: he that has none, let him be a Tradeſ-man.

Secu. Witty Maiſter *Francis*!

Tis pitty any trade ſhould dull that quick braine of yours. Doe but bring Knight *Petronel* into my Parchment Toyles once, and you ſhall neuer neede to toyle in any trade, a'my credit! You know his wiues Land?

Quick. Euen to a foote ſir, I haue beene often there: a pretie fine Seate, good Land, all intire within it ſelfe.

Secu. Well wooded?

Quick. Two hundred pounds worth of wood ready to ſell. And a fine ſweet houſe that ſtands iuſt in the midſt an't, like a Pricke in the middeſt of a circle, would I were your Farmer, for a hundred pound a yeare.

Secu. Excellent M. *Francis*, how I do long to doe thee good: *How I do hunger, and thirſt to haue the honour to enrich thee?* I euen to die, that thou mighteſt inherit my liuing: *euen hunger and thirſt*, for a my Religion M. *Francis*, and ſo tell Knight *Pet.* I do it to do him a pleaſure.

Quick. Mary Dad, his horſes are now comming vp', ito beare downe his Lady, wilt thou lend him thy ſtable to ſet 'hem in?

Secu. Faith M. *Francis*, I would be loth to lend my ſtable out of dores; in a greater matter I will pleaſure him, but not in this.

Quick. *A pox of your hunger and thirſt.* Well Dad, ſet him haue money: All he could any way get, is beſtowed on a ſhip, nowe bound for *Virginia*: the frame of which voyage is ſo cloſely conuaide, that his new Lady nor any of her friendes know it. Notwithſtanding, as ſoone as his Ladies hand is gotten to the ſale of her inheritance, and you haue furniſht him with money, he wil inſtantly hoyſt Saile and away.

Secu. Now a Franck gale of wind go with him; Maiſter *Franck*, we haue too fewe ſuch knight aduenturers: who would not ſell away competent certenties, to purchaſe (with any danger) excellent vncertenties? your true knight venturer euer does it. Let his Wife ſeale to day he ſhall haue his money to day.

Qui. To morrow ſhe ſhall, Dad, before ſhe goes into the coūtry,

to

to worke her to which action, with the more engines, I purpoſe preſently to preferre my ſweete *Sinne* here, to the place of her Gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) ſhall preſent as your friends daughter, a gentlewomā of the countrie, new come vp with a will for a while to learne faſhions forſooth, and be toward ſome Lady; and ſhe ſhall buzz pretty deuiſes into her Ladies eare; feeding her humours ſo ſeruiceablie (as the manner of ſuch as ſhe is you know.)

Secur. True good Maiſter *Frauncis.* *Enter Sindefie.*

Quick. That ſhe ſhall keepe her Port open to any thing ſhee commends to her.

Secu. A'my religion, a moſt faſhionable proiect; as good ſhee ſpoile the Lady, as the Lady ſpoile her: for tis three to one of one ſide: ſweete miſtriſſe *Sinne*, how are you bound to maiſter *Francis!* I doe not doubt to ſee you ſhortly wedde one of the headmen of our cittie. (me?

Sin. But ſweete *Francke*, when ſhal my father *Security* preſent

Quick. With al feſtination: I haue broken the Ice to it already: and will preſently to the Knights houſe, whether, my good old Dad, let me pray thee with all formalitie to man her.

Secu. Command me Maiſter *Francis*, *I doe hunger and thirſt to do thee ſeruice.* Come ſweete Miſtreſſe *Sinne*, take leaue of my *Wynifrid*: and we wil inſtantly meete *Francke*, Maiſter *Frances* at your Ladies. *Enter Winnifride aboue.*

VVin. Where is my *Cu* there? *Cu?* *Secur.* *I VVinnie.*

VVin. Wilt thou come in, ſweete *Cu?* *Secu.* *I VVinnie, prettily Exe*

Qui. *I VVynny*, quod he? thats al he can doe poore man: he may well cut off her name at *VVynny*. O tis an egregious Pandare! what wil not an vſurours knaue be, ſo hee may bee rich? O tis a notable Iewes trump! I hope to liue to ſee dogs meate made of the old vſurers fleſh: dice of his bones: & Indentures of his skin: & yet his skin is too thicke to make Parchment, 'twould make good Boots for a Peeter man to catch ſalmon in. Your onely ſmooth skin to make fine vellam, is your Puritanes skinne; they be the ſmootheſt and ſlickeſt knaues in a countrie.

Enter ſir Petronell in Bootes with a ryding wan.

Pet. Ile out of this wicked towne as faſt as my horſe can trot: Here's now no good action for a man to ſpend his time in. Tauerns grow dead: Ordinaries are blown vp; Playes are at a ſtand Howſes of Hoſpitality at a fall: not a Feather wauing, nor a ſpur

Qui. Y'ad beſt take ſome crowns in your purſe Knight, or elſe your Eaſtward Caſtle will ſmoake but miſerably.

Peter. O *Franck*! my caſtle? Alas al the Caſtles I haue, are built with ayre, thou know'ſt.

Quic. I know it Knight, and therefore wonder whether your Lady is going.

Pet. Faith to ſeeke her Fortune I thinke. I ſaid I had a caſtle and land Eaſtward, and Eaſtward ſhe wil without cõtradiction: her coach, and the coach of the Sunne muſt meete ful butt: And the Sunne being out ſhined with her Ladyſhips glorie, ſhe feares he goes Weſtward to hange himſelfe.

Quick. And I feare, when her enchanted Caſtle becomes inuiſible, her Ladyſhip wil returne and follow his example.

Pet. O that ſhe would haue the grace, for I ſhall neuer bee able to pacifie her, when ſhe ſees her ſelfe deceiued ſo.

Quick. As eaſily as can be. Tel her ſhe miſtooke your directions, and that ſhortly, your ſelfe will downe with her to approoue it; and then, cloath but her croupper in a newe Gowne, and you may driue her any way you liſt: for theſe women ſir, are like Eſſex Calues, you muſt wriggle 'hem on by the tayle ſtill, or they will neuer driue orderly.

Pet. But alas ſweet *Franck* thou kno'ſt my habilitie will not furniſh her bloud with thoſe coſtly humors.

Quic. Caſt that coſt on me Sir. I haue ſpoken to my olde Pander *Securitie*, for money or commoditie: and commoditie (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Pet. Commoditie! Alas what commoditie?

Quick. Why Sir? what ſay you to Figges, and Rayſons.

Pet. A plague of Figges and Rayſons, and all ſuch fraile commodities we ſhall make nothing of 'hem. (Beefe?

Quic. Why then Sir, what ſay you to Fortie pound in roſted

Pet. Out, vpon't, I haue leſſe ſtomacke to that, then to the Figges and Rayſons, Ile out of Towne, though I ſoiourne with a friend of mine, for ſtaye here I muſt not; my creditors haue laide to arreſt mee, and I haue no friend vnder heauen but my Sword to baile me.

Qui. Gods me Knight, put 'hem in ſufficient ſureties, rather then let your Sworde bayle you: Let 'hem take their choice, eyther the *Kings Benche*, or the *Fleete*, or which of the two *Counters* they like beſt, for by the Lord I like none of 'hem.

Pet. Well *Francke* there is no ieſting with my earneſt neceſſity; thou know'ſt if I make not preſent money to further my voyage begun, all's loſt, and all I haue laid out about it.

Quick. Why then Sir in earneſt, if you can get your wife Lady to ſet her hand to the ſale of her inheritance, the bloud-hound *Securitie* Will ſmel out ready money for you inſtantly.

Petro. There ſpake an Angel: to bring her too which conformity, I muſt faine my ſelfe extreamly amorous; and alleadging vrgent excuſes for my ſtay behind, part with her as paſſionately, as ſhe would from her foyſting hound.

Qui. You haue the Sowe by the right eare Sir: I warrant there was neuer Childe longd more to ride a Cock-horſe, or weare his new coate, then ſhe longs to ride in her new Coach: She would long for euery thing when ſhee was a maide; and now ſhe will runne mad for them: I lay my life ſhe wil haue euery yeare foure children; and what charge and change of humour, you muſt endure while ſhe is with childe; and how ſhee will tie you to your tackling till ſhe be with child, a Dogge would not endure. Nay, there is no turneſpit Dog bound to his wheele more ſeruily, thē you ſhalbe to her wheele; For as that Dogge can neuer climbe the toppe of his wheele, but when the toppe comes vnder him: ſo ſhall you neuer climbe the top of her contentment, but when ſhe is vnder you.

Pet. Slight how thou terrifieſt me?

Quick. Nay harke you ſir? what Nurſes, what Midwiues, what fooles) what Phiſitions, what cunning women muſt bee ſought for (fearing ſomtimes ſhee is bewitcht, ſometimes in a cōſumption) to tell her tales, to talke bawdie to her, to make her laughe, to giue her gliſters, to let her bloud vnder the tongue, & betwixt the toes: how ſhe will reuile and kiſſe you: ſpitte in your face, and lick it off againe: how ſhe will vaunt you are her Creature: ſhee made you of nothing; how ſhe could haue had thouſand marke ioyntures: ſhe could haue bin made a Lady by a Scotch knight, and neuer ha'married him: She could haue had Poynados in he bed euery morning: how ſhee ſet you vp, and how ſhee will pull you downe: youle neuer be able to ſtand of your legges to indure it.

Pet. Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face too? The beſt is, a large *Time-fitted* conſcience is bound to nothing: Marriage is but a forme in the Schoole of Policie, to

which Schollers sit fastned onely with painted chaines, old *Securities* yong wife is nere the further of with me.

Quick. Thereby lyes a tale sir. The old vsurer will be here instantly, with my Puncke *Syndesie*, whom you know your Ladie has promist mee to entertaine for her Gentlewoman: and hee (with a purpose to feede on you) inuites you most solemnely by me to supper.

Pet. It falls out excellently fitly: I see desire of gaine makes Iealousie venturous: *Enter Gyrt.*: See *Francke*, here comes my Lady: Lord how she viewes thee, she knowes thee not I thinke in this brauerie.

Gyr. How now? who be you I pray? (ship.

Quic. One maister *Francis Quick siluer*, an't please your Ladi-

Gyr. Gods my dignitie! as I am a Lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a water, would I were vnmarried againe. *Enter Securitie and Sindesie.*

Wher's my woman I pray?

Quick. See Madam; shee now comes to attend you. (die.

Secu. God saue my honourable Knight, & his worshipful La-

Gyr. Y'are very welcome you must not put on your Hat yet.

Secu. No Madam; till I know your Ladyships further pleasure, I will not presume. (Countrey?

Gyr. And is this a Gentlemans daughter new come out of the

Secu. Shee is Madam; and one that her Father hath a speciall care to bestowe in some honourable Ladies seruice, to put her out of her honest humours forsooth, for shee had a great desire to be a Nun, an't please you. (Adiectiue?

Gyr. A Nun? what Nun? a Nun Substantiue? or a Nun

Sec. A Nun Substantiue Madam: I hope, if a Nun be a Noune. But I meane, Ladie, a vowd maide of that order.

Gyr. Ile teach her to bee a maide of the order I warrant you: and can you doe any worke belongs to a Ladyes Chamber?

Synd. What I cannot doe, Madam, I would be glad to learne.

Gyr. Well said, holde vp then: holde vp your head I say, come hither a little. *Syn.* I thanke your Ladiship.

Gyr. And harke you, Good man, you may put on your Hatt now, I do not looke on you: I must haue you of my fashio now: not of my knights, maide. *Syn.* No forsooth Madam of yours.

Gyr. And draw all my seruants in my bowe, & keepe my counsell, and tell me tales, and put me Riddles, and reade on a booke some-

ſometimes when I am buſie, and laugh at country gentlewomē, and command any thing in the houſe for my reteiners, & care not what you ſpend, for it is all mine: & in any caſe, be ſtil a maid whatſoeuer you do, or whatſoeuer any man can doe vnto you.

Secu. I warrant your Ladiſhip for that.

Gyr. Very well, you ſhall ride in my coach with mee into the Countrye to morrow morning; Come Knight, I pray thee lets make a ſhort ſupper and to bed preſently.

Secu. Nay good Madam, this night I haue a ſhort ſupper at home, waites on his worſhips acceptation.

Gir. By my faith but he ſhal not go ſir; I ſhal ſwowne & he ſup from me. *Pet.* Pray thee forbeare, ſhal he looſe his prouiſion?

Gyr. I by Lady Sir, rather then I looſe my longing; come in I ſay: as I am a Lady you ſhal not goe.

Quic. I told him what a Burre he had gotten.

Secu. If you will not ſuppe from your Knight, Madam, let mee entreat your Ladiſhip to ſuppe at my houſe with him.

Gir. No by my faith ſir, then we cannot be a bed ſoone enough after ſupper.

Pet. What a medicine is this? well Maiſter *Security*, you are new married as well as I, I hope you are bound as well: we muſt honour our yong wiues you know.

Quic. In policie Dad, till to morrow ſhe has ſeald.

Secu. I hope in the morning yet your Knight-hood will breake faſt with me. *Pet.* As earely as you will ſir. (*good ſir.*

Secu. I thank your good worſhip; I *do hunger and thirſt to do you*

Gir. Come ſweet Knight come, I *do hunger and thirſt to be a bed with thee.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertij. Scena Prima.

Enter Petronel, Quickeſiluer, Security, Bramble, & Winnifrid.

Pet. Thankes for your feaſt-like Breakefaſt good Maiſter *Security*, I am ſorrie, (by reaſon of my inſtant haſte to ſo long a voiage as *Virginia*,) I am without meanes by any kind amends to ſhew how affectionatly I take your kindnes, & to cōfirme by ſome worthy Ceremony a perpetuall league of friendſhip betwixt vs.

Secu. Excellent knight; let this be a tokē betwixt vs of inuiolable friēdſhip: I am new married to this faire Gentlewomā you know; and by my hope to make her fruitfull though I bee ſomething

in

in yeares) I vowe faithfully vnto you, to make you Godfather (though in your abſence) to the firſt child I am bleſt withall: & heereforth call me Goſſip I beſeech you, if you pleaſe to accept it.

Pet. In the higheſt degree of gratitude, my moſt worthy Goſſip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreate my faire Goſſip your Wife here, to accept this Diamond, and keepe it as my gift to her firſt Child, whereſoeuer my Fortune in euent of my Voyage ſhall beſtowe me.

Secur. How now my coye wedlocke! make you ſtrange of ſo Noble a fauour? take it I charge you, with all affection, and (by way of taking your leaue) preſent boldly your lips to our honourable Goſſip.

Quic. How ventrous he is to him, and how iealous to others!

Pet. Long may this kind touch of our lips Print in our hearts all the formes of affection. And now my good Goſſip, if the writings be ready to which my wife ſhould ſeale, let them bee brought this morning, before ſhe takes Coach into the countrie, and my kindneſſe ſhall worke her to diſpatch it.

Securi. The writings are ready Sir. My learned counſell here, Maiſter *Bramble* the Lawyer hath peruſde them; and within this houre, I will bring the Scriuenour with them to your worſhipfull Lady.

Pet. Good Maiſter *Bramble*, I will here take my leaue of you then; God ſend you fortunate Pleas ſir, and contentious Clients.

Bram. And you foreright winds ſir, & a fortunate voyage.

Exit. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. Sir *Petronel*, here are three or fowre Gentlemen deſire to ſpeake with you. *Pet.* What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage Knight, Captaine *Seagul* and his aſſociates, I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Pet. Let them enter I pray you, I know they long to be gone, for their ſtay is dangerous.

Enter Seagul, Scapethrift, and Spendall.

Sea. God ſaue my honourable Collonell.

Pet. Welcome good Captaine *Seagul*, and worthy Gentlemē, if you will meete my friend *Frank* here, and mee, at the blewe Anchor Taueme by Billinſgate this Euening; wee will there drinke to our happy voyage, be merry, and take Boate to our Ship with all expedition.

Spend.

Spend Deferre it no longer I beſeech you ſir, but as your voyage is hitherto carryed cloſely, and in anothers knights name ſo for your owne ſafetie and ours, lets it be continued, our meeting & ſpeedie purpoſe of departing knowne to as few as it is poſſible, leaſt your ſhippe and goods be attached.

Quick. Well aduiſd Captaine, our Colonell ſhall haue money this morning to diſpach all our departures, bring thoſe Gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skinnes ful of vintage, weele take occaſion by the vantage, and away.

Spend. We will not faile but be there ſir.

Pet. Good morrow good Captaine, and my worthy aſſociats. Health and all ſoueraignte to my beautifull Goſhip, for you ſir, we ſhall ſee you preſently with the writings.

Sec. With writings and crownes to my honourable goſhip: *I doe hunger and thirſt to doe you good ſir.* *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii. Scena Secunda.

Enter a Coachman in haſte in's ſrock feeding.

Coach. Heer's a ſtirre when Citizens ride out of Towne indeede, as if all the houſe were a fire: Slight they will not giue a man leaue to eat's breakfaſt afore he riſes.

Enter Hamlet a foote man in haſte.

Ham. What Coachman? my Ladyes Coach for ſhame; her ladiſhip's readie to come downe.

Enter Potkinne, *a Tankerd-bearer.*

Pot. Sfoote *Hamlet*; are you madde? whether run you nowe you ſhould bruſhe vp my olde Miſtreſſe? *Enter* Syndelye.

Syn. What *Potkinne?* you muſt put off your Tankerd, and put on your blew coat, and waite vpon miſtris Touchſtone into the countrie. *Exit.* *Pot.* I will forſooth preſently. *Exit.*

Enter Miſtreſſe Fond, and Miſtreſſe Gazer.

Fond. Come ſweete Miſtreſſe *Gazer*, lets watch here, and ſee my Lady *Flaſhe* take coach.

Gaz. A my word here's a moſt fine place to ſtand in, did you ſee the new ſhip lancht laſt day, Miſtreſſe *Fond.*

Fond. O God, and we Citizens ſhould looſe ſuch a ſight?

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to ſee her take coach, as there were to ſee it take water. (lay.

Fond. O ſhee's married to a moſt fine Caſtle'ith'countrie, they

Gaz. But there are no Gyants in the Caſtle, are there?

Fond. O no, they say her knight kild 'hem all & therefore hee was knighted. *Gaz.* Would to God her ladiſhip would come (away.

Enter. Gyr. Miſtris Touch. Syn. Ham. Pot.

Fond. Shee comes, ſhe comes, ſhe comes.

Gaz. Fond. Pray heauen bleſſe your Ladiſhip.

Gyr. Thanke you good people; my coach for the loue of heauen, my coach? in good truth I ſhall ſwoune elſe.

Ham. Coach? coach, my Ladyes coach. *Exit.*

Gyr. As I am a Lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach ſo; may one be with child afore they are maried mother?

Miſt. Touch. I by'rlady Madam, a little thing does that; I haue ſeene a little prick no bigger then a pins head, ſwel bigger and bigger, till it has come to an *Ancome*; & eene ſo tis in theſe caſes. *Enter Ham.*

Ham. Your Coach is comming, Madam.

Gyr. That's well ſaid; Now heauen! me thinks, I am eene vp to the knees in preferment.

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, there lyes Cupids fire.

Miſt. Touch. But muſt this yong man, an't pleaſe you Madam, run by your coach all the way a foote?

Gyr. I by my faith I warrant him, hee giues no other milke, as I haue an other ſeruant does.

Miſt. Touch. Ahlas! tis eene pittie mee thinks; for Gods ſake Madam buy him but a Hobbie-horſe, let the poore youth haue ſomething betwixt his legges to eaſe 'hem; Alas! we muſt doe as we would be done too.

Gyr. Goe too, hold your peace dame, you talke like an olde foole I tell you. *Enter Petr. and Quickſiluer.*

Pet. Wilt thou be gone, ſweete *Honny-ſuckle*, before I can goe with thee?

Gyr. I pray thee ſweete Knight let me; I doe ſo long to dreſſe vp thy caſtle afore thou com'ſt: But I marle how my modeſt Siſter occupies her ſelfe this morning, that ſhee can not waite one me to my coach, as well as her mother!

Quick. Mary Madam, ſhee's married by this time to Prentiſe *Goulding*; your father, and ſome one more, ſtole to Church with 'hem, in all the haſte, that the colde meate left at your wedding, might ſerue to furniſh their Nuptiall table.

Gyr. There's no baſe fellowe, my Father, now: but hee's eene

fit

fit to Father ſuch a daughter: he muſt call me daughter no more now: but *Madam, and pleaſe you Madam: and pleaſe your worſhip Madam,* indeed: out vpon him, marry his daughter to a baſe Prentiſe?

Miſt. Touch. What ſhould one doe? is there no lawe for one that marries a womans daughter againſt her will? howe ſhall we punish him Madam?

Gyr. As I am a Ladie an't would ſnowe, weele ſo peble'hem with ſnowe bals as they come from Church: but ſirra, *Franck Quickſilver.* *Quick.* I Madam.

Gir. Doſt remember ſince thou and I clapt what d'ye'calts in the Garret.

Quick. I know not what you meane, Madam.

Gyr. His head as white as milke, All flaxen was his haire:
But now he is dead, And laid in his Bed,
And neuer will come againe. God be at your labour.
Enter Touch. Goulding. Mild. with Roſemary.

Pet. Was there euer ſuch a Lady?

Quick. See Madam, the Bridegrome,

Gyr. Gods my precious! God giue you ioy. Miſtriſſe *What lake you.* Now out vpon thee Baggage; my ſiſter married in 'a Taffeta Hat? Marie hang you: Weſtward with a wanion te'yee, Naie I haue done we'ye Minion then y'faith, neuer looke to haue my countenance any more: nor any thing I can doe for thee. Thou ride in my coach? or come downe to my Caſtle? fie vpon thee: I charge thee in my Ladiſhips name, cal me Siſter no more:

Touch. An't pleaſe your worſhip, this is not your ſiſter: This is my daughter, and ſhe cals me Father, and ſo does not your Ladiſhip, an't pleaſe your worſhip Madam.

Miſt. Touch. No nor ſhe muſt not call thee Father by *Heraldrie,* becauſe thou mak ſt thy Prentiſe thy Sonne as wel as ſhee: Ah thou miſproude Prentiſe, dar'ſt thou preſume to marry a Ladies ſiſter?

Gol. It pleaſ'd my Maſter forſooth to embolden me with his fauour: And though I confeſſe my ſelfe far vnworthy ſo worthy a wife (being in part, her ſeruant, as I am your prentiſe) yet (ſince I may ſay it without boaſting) I am borne a Gentleman, and by the Trade I haue learn'd of my maiſter (which I truſt taints not my blood) able with mine owne Induſtrie and portion to maintaine your daughter, my hope is, heauen will ſo bleſſe our humble

beginning, that in the end I ſhalbe no diſgrace to the grace with which my Maſter hath bound me his double Prentiſe.

Touch. Maſter mee no more Sonne, if thou think'ſt me worthy to be thy father.

Gir. Sun? Now good Lord how he ſhines & you marke him! hee's a gentleman.

Gould. I indeede Madam, a Gentleman borne.

Pet. Neuer ſtand a' your Gentrye M. Bridgegrome: if your legges be no better then your Armes, you'le be able to ſtand vpon neither ſhortly.

Touch. An't pleaſe your good worſhippe Sir, there are two ſorts of Gentlemen.

Pet. What meane you Sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worſhippe,

Pet. Nay pray forbeare Sir, & then foorth with your two ſorts of Gentlemen.

Touch. If your worſhip wil haue it ſo? I ſay there are two ſorts of Gentlemen: There is a Gentleman Artificial, & a Gentleman Naturall; Now, though your worſhip be a Gentleman naturall: *Worke vpon that now.*

Quick. Wel ſaid olde *Touch*, I am proude to heare thee enter a ſet ſpeech yfaith, forth I beſeech thee.

Touch. Crie you mercie Sir, your worſhip's a Gentleman I do not know? if you bee one of my acquaintance y'are verie much diſguiſde Sir.

Quick. Go too old Quipper: forth with thy ſpeech I ſay.

Touch. What Sir, my ſpeeches were euer in vaine to your gratious worſhip: And therfore till I ſpeake to you gallantry indeed, I will ſaue my breath for my broth anon. Come my poore ſonne and daughter; Let vs hide our ſelues in our poore humilitie and liue ſafe: Ambition conſumes it ſelfe, with the very ſhow. *Worke vpon that now.*

Gyr. Let him goe, let him goe for Gods ſake: let him make his Prentiſe, his ſonne for Gods ſake: giue away his daughter for Gods ſake: and when they come a begging to vs for Gods ſake, let's laugh at their good husbandry for Gods ſake. Farewell ſweete Knight, pray thee make haſte after.

Pet. What ſhall I ſay? I would not haue thee goe.

Quick. No, O now, I muſt depart; Parting though it abſence moue. This Dittie, Knight, doe I ſee in thy lookes in *Capitall Letters.*

What

What a griefe tis to depart, and leaue the flower that has my heart?
My ſweet Lady, and alacke for woe, why ſhould we part ſo.

Tell truth Knight, and ſhame all diſſembling Louers, does not your paine lye on that ſide?

Pet. If it doe, canſt thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent eaſily: deuide your ſelfe in two halfes, iuſt by the girdleſtead, ſend one halfe with your Lady, and keepe the tother your ſelfe: or elſe do as all true Louers doe, part with your heart and leaue your body behind: I haue ſeen't done a hundred times: Tis as eaſie a matter for a louer to part without a heart from his ſweet heart, and he nere the worſe: as for a Mouſe to get from a trap & leaue her taile behind him. See here comes the writings. *Enter Security with a ſcriuener.*

Secu. Good morrow to my worſhipfull Lady. I preſent your Ladiſhip with this writing, to which if you pleaſe to ſet your hand, with your Knights, a veluet Gowne ſhall attend your iourney a'my credit. *Gir.* What Writing is it Knight?

Pet. The ſale (ſweete heart) of the poore Tenement I told thee off, onely to make a little money to ſend thee downe furniture for my Caſtle, to which my hand ſhall lead thee.

Gir. Very well: Now giue me your Pen I pray.

Quick. It goes downe without chewing y'faith.

Scriu. Your worſhips deliuer this as your deede?

Ambo, We doe. *Gir.* So now Knight farwell till I ſee thee.

Pet. All farewell to my ſweet heart.

Miſt. Touch. God-boy ſonne Knight.

Pet. Farewell my good mother.

Gir. Farewell *Franck*, I would faine take thee downe if I could.

Quickeſiluer. I thanke your good Ladiſhip, farewell Miſtris *Sindefy*. *Exeunt.*

Pet. O tedious Voyage, whereof there is no ende! What will they thinke of me?

Quick. Thinke what they liſt: They long'd for a vagarie into the Country, & now they are fitted: So a woman marry to ride in a coach, ſhe cares not if ſhe ride to her ruine: Tis the great end of many of their marriages: This is not firſt time a Lady has ridde a falſe iourney in her Coach I hope.

Pet. Nay, tis no matter, I care little what they thinke; hee that waies mens thoughts, has his hands ful of nothing: A man in the courſe of this World ſhould be like a Surgions inſtrument,

worke in the wounds of others, and feele nothing himselfe. The sharper, and subtler, the better.

Quic. As it falls out now Knight, you shall not neede to deuise excuses, or endure her out-cries, when she returnes: we shal now begone before, where they cannot reach vs.

Pet. Well my kind *Compere* you haue now th'assurance wee both can make you; let me now intreat you, the money wee agreed on may be brought to the *Blew Anchor*, nere to *Billingsgate*, by sixe a clocke: where I and my chiefe friends; bound for this voyage, will with Feast attend you.

Secu. The money my most honourable *Compere* shal without faile obserue your appointed howre.

Pet. Thankes my deere *Gossip*, I must now impart
To your approued, loue, a louing secret,
As one on whome my life doth more rely
In friendly trust, then any man aliue.
Nor shall you be the chosen Secretary
Of my affections, for affection onely;
For I protest, (If God blesse my returne,)
To make you partner, in my actions gaine
As deepely, as if you had ventur'd with mee
Halfe my expences. Know then, honest *Gossip*,
I haue inioyed with such diuine contentment,
A Gentlewomans Bedde, whome you well know.
That I shall nere inioy this tedious Voyage,
Nor liue the left part of time it asketh,
Without her presence; So *I thirst and hunger*
To tast the deare feast of her company.
And if the *hunger* and the *thirst* you vow
(As my sworne *Gossip*) to my wished good,
Be (as I know it is) vnfaind and firme,
Do me an easie fauour in your power.

Secu. Be sure braue *Gossip*, all that I can do
To my best Nerue, is wholy at your seruice;
Who is the woman (first) that is our Friend?

Pet. The woman is your learned Councels wife,
The Lawyer Maister *Bramble*: whom would you,
Bring out this Euen, in honest Neighbour-hood,
To take his leaue with you, of me your *Gossip*.
I, in the meane time, will send this my friend

Home

Home to his houſe,to bring his wife diſguiſ'd
Before his face,into our companie:
For loue hath made her looke for ſuch a wife,
To free her from this tyranous Ielouſie,
And I would take this courſe before another:
In ſtealing her awey to make vs ſport,
And gull his circumſpection the more groſely.
And I am ſure that no man like your ſelfe,
Hath credit with him to intiſe his ielouſie,
To ſo long ſtay abroad,as may giue time
To her enlardgement,in ſuch ſafe diſguiſe.
Secu. A pretty,pithy and moſt pleaſant proiect!
Who would not ſtraine a point of Neighbour-hood,
For ſuch a point,de-uice? that as the ſhippe
Of famous *Draco*,went about the world,
Will wind about the Lawyer,compaſſing,
The world himſelfe,he hath it in his armes:
And thats enough for him,without his wife.
A Lawyer is ambitious,and his head
Cannot be praiſ'de,nor raiſde too high,
With any forcke,of higheſt knauery.
Ile go fetch her ſtraight. *Exit Security.*
Pec. So,ſo,Now *Francke* goe thou home to his houſe,
Stead of his lawyers,and bring his wife hether:
Who iuſt like to the Lawyers wife is priſon'd,
With eyes ſterne vſurous ielouſie which could neuer
Be ouer reacht thus,but with ouer-reaching. *Enter Security.*
Secu. And M. *Francis*,watch you th'inſtant time
To *enter* with his *exit*:t'will be rare,
To find hornd beaſts! A cammel and a Lawyer?
Quic. How the old villaine iopes in villany? *Enter Security.*
Secur. And harke you Goſſip when you haue her here,
Haue your Bote ready,ſhippe her to your ſhip
With vtmoſt haſt,leſt M. *Bramble* ſtay you,
To o're reach that head that outreacheth all heads?
Tis a trick Rampant; Tis a very Quiblyn;
I hope this harueſt,to pitch cart with Lawyers;
Their heads will be ſo forked, *This ſlie tooche*
Will get Apes to inuent a number ſuch. *Exit.*

Quick.

Quick. Was euer Rascall honnied so with poison?

He that delights in slauish Auarice

Is apt to ioy in euery sort of vice.

Well, ile goe fetch his wife; whilst he the Lawyers.

Pet. But stay *Frank*, lets thinke how we may disguise her vpon this sodaine.

Quic. Gods me there's the mischiefe; but harke you, her's an excellent deuice: fore God a rare one: I will carry her a Sailers gowne and cap, and couer her; and a players beard.

Pet. And what vpon her head?

Quick. I tell you a Saylers Cap; sflight God forgiue me, what kind of figent memory haue you?

Pet. Nay then, what kind of figent wit hast thou?

A Saylers cap? how shall she put it off

When thou presentst her to our company?

Quic. Tush man, for that; make her a sawcie Sayler.

Pet. Tush tush, tis no fit sawce for such sweete mutton: I know not what t'aduise. *Enter Security, with his wiues Gowne.*

Secur. Knight, knight a rare deuise.

Pet. Swones yet againe.

Quick. What stratageme haue you now?

Secu. The best that euer. You talkt of disguising?

Pet. I mary Gossip thats our present care.

Secur. Cast care away then here's the best deuice

For plaine *Security* (for I am no better)

I thinke that euer liu'd: heer's my wiues gowne

Which you may put vpon the Lawyers wife,

And which I brought you sir, for two great reasons,

One is, that Maister *Bramble* may take hold

Of some suspicion that it is my wife,

And gird me so perhappes with his law wit:

The other (which is policy indeed)

Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,

Hauing no more but her old gowne abroad,

And not showe me a quirck, whiles I fyrke others,

Is not this rare? *Ambo.* The best that euer was.

Secu. Am I not borne to furnish Gentlemen?

Pet. O my deare Gossip!

Secu. Well hold Maister *Francis*, watch when the Lawyer's out, and put it in; And now I will go fetch him. *Exit.*

Quick.

Quick. O my dad! hee goes as 'twere the Deuill to fetch the Lawyer; and deuill shall he be, if hornes will make him.

Pet. Why how now Gossip, why stay you there musing?

Secur. A toy a toy runnes in my hed yfaith.

Quick. A pox of that head, is there more toyes yet?

Petr. What is it pray thee Gossip?

Secur. Why Sir? what if you should slip away now with my wiues best gowne, I hauing no securitie for it?

Quick. For that I hope Dad you will take our words.

Secur. I by th'masse your word thats a proper staffe
For wise Securitie to leane vpon;
But tis no matter, once ile trust my Name,
On your crakt credits, let it take no shame,
Fetch the wench *Francke*. *Exit*

Quick. Ile waite vpon you sir.
And fetch you ouer, you were neuer so fetcht:
Go to the Tauerne Knight, your followers
Dare not be drunke I thinke, before their Captaine. *Exit*.

Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter seruice,
Till our *Virginian* gould were in our purses. *Exit*.

Enter Seagull, Spendal, and Scapethrift in the Tauerne with a Drawer.

Sea. Come Drawer, pierce your neatest Hogsheads, and lets haue cheare, not fit for your Billingsgate Tauerne, but for our *Virginian Colonel*; he will be here instantly. (Wine.

Draw. You shal haue al things fit sir; please you haue any more

Spend. More wine Slaue? whether we drinke it or no, spill it, & drawe more.

Scap. Fill al the pottes in your house with al sorts of licour, and let 'hem waite on vs here like Souldiers in their Pewter coates; And though we doe not emploie them now, yet we will maintaine 'hem, till we doe.

Draw. Said like an honourable Captaine; you shal haue al you can commaund Sir. *Exit Drawer*.

Sea. Come boyes, *Virginia* longs till we share the rest of her Maiden-head.

Spend, Why is she inhabited alreadie with any *English*?

Sea. A whole Countrie of English is there man, bread of those that were left there in 79. they haue married with the Indians, & make 'hem bring forth as beautifull faces as any we haue in Eng-

land: and therefore the Indians are so in loue with'hem, that all the treasure they haue, they lay at their feete.

Scap. But is there such treasure there Captaine, as I haue heard?

Sea. I tell thee, Golde is more plentifull there then Copper is with vs: and for as much redde Copper as I can bring, ile haue thrise the waight in Gold. Why man all their dripping Pans, and their Chamber potts are pure gould; and all the Chaines, with which they chaine vp their ſt teetes, are massie-Gold; all the Prisoners they take are feterd in Gold: & for Rubies & Diamōds, they goe forth on holydayes & gather 'hem by the Sea-shore, to hang on their childrens Coates, and sticke in their childrens Caps. as commonly as our children weare Saffron gilt Brooches, and groates with hoales in 'hem.

Scap. And is it a pleasant Countrie withall?

Sea. As euer the sunne shind on: temperate and ful of all sorts of excellent viands; wilde Bore is as common there, as our tamest Bacon is here: Venison, as Mutton. And then you shall liue freely there, without Sargeants, or Courtiers, or Lawyers, or intelligencers. Then for your meanes to aduancement, there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixt: You may bee an Alderman there, and neuer be Scauinger, you may bee any other officer, and neuer be a Slaue. You may come to preferment enough, and neuer be a *Pandar*. To Riches and Fortune enough, and haue neuer the more villanie, nor the lesse witte. Besides, there wee shall haue no more Law then conscience, and not too much of eyther; serue God enough, eate and drinke inough, and *enough is as good as a Feast*.

Spend. Gods me! and how farre is it thether?

Sea. Some six weekes saile no more, with any indifferent good winde: And if I get to any part of the coaste of *Affrica*, ile saile thether with any winde. Or when I come to Cape *Finister*, ther's a foreright winde continuall wafts vs till we come to *Virginia*. See, our Collonell's come.

Enter sir Petronell with his followers.

Pet. Well met good Captaine *Seagull*, and my Noble Gentlemen! Now the sweete houre of our freedome is at hand. Come *Drawer*: Fill vs some carowses; and prepare vs for the mirth, that will be occasioned presently: Here will be a pretty wenche Gentlemen, that will beare vs company all our voyage.

Sea. Whatsoeuer she be; here's to her health Noble Colonell, both

both with Cap and Knee.

Pet. Thankes kinde Captaine *Seagull*; ſhee's one I loue dearly: and muſt not be knowne till we be free from all that knowe vs: And ſo Gentlemen, heer's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come worthy Collonell, *Wee doe hunger and thirſt for it.*

Petro. Afore heauen, you haue hitte the phraſe of one that her preſence will touch, from the foote to the forhead, if yee knew it.

Spend. Why then we will ioyne his forhead, with her health, ſir: and Captaine *Scapethrift*, heer's to 'hem both.

Enter Securitie and Bramble.

Secu. See, ſee, Maiſter *Bramble*, fore heauen their voyage cannot but proſper, they are o'their knees for ſucceſſe to it.

Bram. And they pray to God *Bacchus.*

Secu. God ſaue my braue Colonell with all his tall Captaines and Corporalls; ſee ſir, my worſhipfull learned Counſaile, M. *Bramble*, is come to take his leaue of you.

Pet. Worſhipful M. *Bramble*, how farre doe you draw vs into the ſweete bryer of your kindnes? come Captain *Seagul*, another health to this rare *Bramble*, that hath neuer a pricke about him.

Sea. I pledge his moſt ſmooth diſpoſition ſir: come maiſter *Securitie*, bend your ſupporters, & pledge this notorious health here.

Secu. Bend you your likewiſe, M. *Bramble*, for it is you ſhall pledge me.

Sea. Not ſo, M. *Securitie*, he muſt not pleadge his owne health.

Secu. No Maiſter Captaine.

Enter Quickeſiluer with Winny diſguis'd

Why then here's one is fitly come to doe him that honour.

Quick. Here's the Gentlewoman your coſin ſir, whom with much entreatie I haue brought to take her leaue of you in a Tauerne; aſham'd whereof, you muſt pardon her if ſhe put not off her Maske.

Pet. Pardon me ſweete Coſen, my kinde deſire to ſee you before I went, made me ſo importunate to entreat your preſence here.

Secu. How now, M. *Francis*? haue you honour'd this preſence with a faire Gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray ſir, take you no notice of her, for ſhe will not be knowne to you.

Secu. But my learn'd Counſaile, M. *Bramble* here, I hope may know her.

Quick. No more then you ſir, at this time, his learning muſt pardon her.

Secu. Well; God pardon her for my part, and I do, ile be ſworne: and ſo Maiſter *Francis*, heer's to all that are going Eaſtward to night, towards *Cuckholds hauen*; and ſo to the health of Maiſter *Bramble*.

Quick. I pledge it ſir, hath it gone round, Captaines?

Sea. It has ſweet *Franck* and the round cloſes with thee.

Quick. Well ſir, here's to al Eaſtward and toward Cuckolds, and ſo to famous *Cuckholds hauen* ſo fatally remembred. *Surgit.*

Pet. Nay pray thee Cuz weepe not, Goſſip *Security*?

Secu. I my braue Goſſip.

Pet. A word I beſeech you ſir, our friend, Miſtreſſe *Bramble* here, is ſo diſſolu'd in teares, that ſhe drowns the whole mirth of our meeting: ſweet Goſſip, take her aſide and comfort her.

Secu. Pitty of all true loue, Miſtreſſe *Bramble*, what weepe you to inioy your loue? whats the cauſe Lady? iſt becauſe your husband is ſo neere and your heart earnes, to haue a little abuſ'd him? Ahlas, Ahlas the offence is too common to bee reſpected: So great a grace, hath ſeldome chanc'd to ſo vnthankfull a woman, to be rid of an old iealous Dotard: to inioy the armes of a louing young Knight: that when your prick-leſſe *Bramble* is withered with griefe of your loſſe, will make you floriſh a freſh in the bed of a Lady.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir *Petronel*, here's one of your Watermen come to tell you, it wil be flood theſe three howres: aud that tw'ill be dangerous going againſt the Tide: for the ſkie is ouer caſt, and there was a Porpiſce, euen now ſeene at London bridge, which is alwayes the meſſenger of tempeſts, he ſayes.

Pet. A Porpiſce? whats that to th'purpoſe? charge him if hee loue his life to attend vs: can we not reach *Blackwall* (where my ſhip lies) againſt the tide, and in ſpight of Tempeſts? Captaynes and Gentlemen, wee'll begin a new ceremonie at the beginning of our voyage, which I beleeue will be followed of all future aduentures.

Sea. Whats that good *Colonell*?

Pet. This Captaine *Seagull*: wee'll haue our prouided ſupper brought

brought a bord Sir *Francis Drakes* Ship, that hath compaſt the world? where with full Cups, and Banquets wee will doe ſacrifice for a proſperous voyage. My mind giues me that ſome good Spirits of the waters ſhould haunt the deſart ribs of her; and be auſpicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like Orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceipted: one health more to this motion, and aboard to performe it. He that wil not this night be drunke, may he neuer be ſober. *They compaſſe in Wynniſrid, daunce the dronken round, and drinke carowſes.*

Bram. Sir *Petronell*, and his honourable Captaines, in theſe young ſeruices, we old Seruitors may be ſpared: We onely came to take our leaues, and with one health to you all. Ile be bold to do ſo. Here neighbour *Security*, to the health of Sir *Petronell*, and all his Captaines.

Secur. You muſt bend then Maiſter *Bramble*, ſo, now I am for you: I haue one corner of my braine, I hope, fit to beare one carouſe more. Here Lady, to you that are incompaſt there, and are aſham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha, by my troth, (my learnd counſaile Maiſter *Bramble*) my mind runnes ſo of *Cuckholdes-hauen* to night, that my head runnes ouer with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife neighbour?

Secu. No by my troth Maſter *Bramble:* ha, ha, ha, a pox of all *Cuckholds hauens* I ſay.

Bram. A' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wiues.

Secu: Cucullus non facit Monachum, my learned Counſaile: all are not Cuckholds that ſeeme ſo, nor al ſeeme not that are ſo. Giue me your hand, my learned Counſaile, you and I will ſuppe ſome where elſe, then at ſir *Francis Drakes* ſhip to night. Adue my noble Goſſip.

Bram. Good Fortune braue Captaines, faire skies God ſend yee.

Omnes. Farewell my hearts, farewell.

Pet. Goſſip, laugh no more at *Cuckholds hauen*, Goſſip.

Secur. I haue done, I haue done ſir, will you lead Maiſter *Bramble?* ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

Pet. Captaine *Seagull*, charge a boate.

Omnes. A Boate, a boate, aboat. *Exeunt.*

Draw, Y'are in a proper taking indeed to take a Boate, eſpecially at this time of night, and againſt Tide and Tempeſt,

They ſay yet, *drunken men neuer take harme*; this night will trie teh truth of that Pouerbe. *Exit.*

Enter Securitie.

Secu. What *Winny*? Wife, I ſay? out of dores at this time where ſhould I ſeeke the Gad-flie: *Billinſgate, Billingſgate, Billinſgate* Shee's gone with the knight, ſhee's gone with the Knight; woe be to the *Billingſgate*. A boate, a boate, a boate, a full hundred Markes for a boate. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Slitgut, with a paire of Oxe hornes, diſcouering Cuckolds-Hauen aboue.

Slit. All haile, faire Hauen of married men onely, for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I preſume not to arriue here, but in my Maiſters behalfe, (a poore Butcher of Eaſt-cheape) who ſends me to ſet vp (in honour of Saint *Luke*) theſe neceſſary Enſignes of his homage: And vp I gat this morning, thus early, to get vp to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruite and no leaues, to aduance this Creſt of my Maiſters occupation. Vp then, Heauen and Saint *Luke* bleſſe me, that I be not blown into the *Thames* as I clime, with this furious tempeſt. Slight I thinke the Deuill be abroade, in likeneſſe of a ſtorme to robbe me of my Hornes: Harke how he roares. Lord! what a coyle the *Thames* keeps! ſhee beares ſome vniuſt burthen I beleeue, that ſhee kicks and curuets thus to caſt it: Heauen bleſſe all honeſt paſſengers, that are vpon her back now, for the bitte is out of her mouth I ſee, and ſhee will runne away, with 'hem. So, ſo I thinke I haue made it looke the right way, it runnes againſt London-Bridge (as it were) euen full butt. And nowe let me diſcouer from this lofty proſpect, what pranckes the rude *Thames* plaies in her deſperate lunacie. O me, heers a Boate has beene caſt away hard by. Alas, alas, ſee one of her paſſengers, labouring for his life, to land at this hauen here; pray heauen hee may recouer it: His next land is euen iuſt vnder me; hold out a little whatſoeuer thou art, pray, and take a good heart to thee. Tis a man, take a mans heart to thee yet, a little further, get vp a-thy leggs man: now tis ſhallow enought. So, ſo, ſo Alas, hee's downe againe; hold thy winde Father: tis a man in a night-cap So! now hee's got vp againe: now hee's paſt the worſt: yet thankes be to heauen; he comes toward me prety and ſtrongly.

Enter

Enter Security without his hat, in an Night-cap, wett band. &c.

Secu. Heauen, I beseech thee, how haue I offended thee! where am I cast a shore now, that I may goe a righter way home by land? Let me see, O I am scarce able to looke about me: where is there any sea marke that I am acquainted with all?

Slit. Looke vp Father, are you acquainted with this Marke?

Secu. What! landed as *Cuckholds hauen*? Hell and damnatiō. I will runne backe and drowne my selfe. *He falles downe.*

Slit. Poore man how weake he is! the weake water has washt away his strength.

Secur. Landed at *Cuckholds hauen*? if it had not bin to die twēty times aliue; I should neuer haue scapt death: I wil neuer arise more, I wil grouell here, and eate durt til I be choakt; I will make the gentle earth do that the cruell water has denied me.

Slit. Alas good father, be not so desperate; Rise man, if you wil ile come presently and lead you home.

Secu. Home? shall I make any know my Home, that has knowne me thus abrode? how lowe shal I crouch away, that noe eye may see me? I wil creepe on the earth while I liue, and neuer looke heauen in the face more. *Exit creep.*

Slit. What young *Planet* raignes now troe, that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would haue beene abroad such a weather as this, vpon the water? Ay me, see another remnant of this vnfortunate ship-wrack! or some other. A woman y faith! a woman though it be almost at S. *Katherns*, I discerne it to be a woman for al her body is aboue the water, & her cloths swim about her most handsomely. O they beare her vp most brauely! has not a woman reason to loue the taking vp of her cloaths the better while she liues, for this? Alas, how busie the rude *Thames* is about her? A pox a'that waue. It will drowne her, y faith, twill drowne her. Crye God mercy, shee has scapt it, I thank heauen she has scapt it. O how she swims like a Mermaid some vigilant body looke out, & saue her. Thats well said, iust *where the Priest fell in*, theres one sets downe a Ladder, & goes to take her vp. Gods blessing a thy heart boy, now take her vp in thy armes & to bed with her, shees vp, shees vp! shees a beautifull woman I warrant her, the Billowes durst not deuoure her.

Enter the Drawer in the Tauerne before with Winnifrid.

Draw. How fare you now Lady?

Winni.

Wynn. Much better, my good friend then I wiſh: as one deſperate of her Fame, now my life is preſeru'd.

Draw. Comfort your ſelfe: That power that preſerued you from death: can likewiſe defend you from infamie, howſoeuer you deſerue it. Were not you one that tooke Bote late this night, with a Knight, and other Gentlemen at *Billings-gate*?

Wynn. Vnhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good happe to come downe thus farre after you, to a houſe of my friends heere in S. *Katherines*, ſince I am now happily made a meane to your reſcue, from the ruthleſſe tempeſt; which (when you tooke Boate) was ſo extreame, and the Gentleman that brought you forth, ſo deſperate and vnſober, that I fear'd long ere this I ſhould heare of your ſhip-wracke, and therefore (with little other reaſon) made thus farre this way: And this I muſt tell you, ſince perhaps you may make vſe of it, there was left behind you at our tauerne, brought by a Porter (hir'd by the young Gentleman that brought you) a Gentlewomans Gowne, Hat, Stockins, and ſhooes; which if they bee yours, and you pleaſe to ſhift you, taking a hard bed here, in this houſe of my friend, I will preſently go fetch you.

Wynn. Thankes my good friend, for your more then good newes. The Gowne with all things bound with it are mine; which if you pleaſe to fetch as you haue promiſt, I will bouldly receiue the kinde fauour you haue offered, till your returne: intreating you, by all the good you haue done in preſeruing mee hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what fauour you do me, or where ſuch a one as I, am beſtowed, leaſt you incurre me much more damage in my fame, then you haue done mee pleaſure in preſeruing my life.

Draw. Come in Lady, and ſhift your ſelfe; reſolue, that nothing, but your owne pleaſure, ſhall be vſde in your diſcouery.

Wynn. Thanke you good friend: the time may come, I ſhall requite you. *Exeunt.*

Slit. See, ſee, ſee! I ho'd my life, there's ſome other a taking vp at *Wapping*, now! Looke, what a ſort of people cluſter about the Gallows there! in good troth it is ſo. O me! a fine young Gentleman! What? & taken vp at the Gallowes? Heauen graunt, he be not one day taken downe there: A, my life it is ominous. Well, he is deliuered for the time, I ſee the people haue all left him; yet wil I keepe my proſpect a while, to ſee if any more haue bin ſhipwracke. *Enter*

Enter Quick, barehead.

Quick. Accurſt that euer I was ſau'd, or borne.
How fatall is my ſad arriual here?
As if the *Starres*, and *Prouidence* ſpake to me,
And ſaid, the drift of al vnlawfull courſes,
(What euer end they dare propoſe themſelues,
In frame of their licentious policyes.)
In the firme order of iuſt *Deſtinie*,
They are the ready high waues to our Ruines.
I know not what to doe, my wicked hopes
Are, with this Tempeſt, torne vp by the rootes,
O, which way ſhall I bend my deſperate ſteppes,
In which, vnſufferable Shame and Miſerie
Will not attend them? I will walke this Banck,
And ſee if I can meete the other reliques
Of our poore ſhip-wrackt Crew, or heare of them.
The Knight (alas) was ſo farre gone with wine,
And th'other three, that I refuſ'de their Boate,
And tooke the hapleſſe woman in another.
Who cannot but be ſuncke, what euer Fortune
Hath wrought vpon the others deſperate liues.

Enter Petronel, and Seagul, bareheaded.

Petr. Zounds Captaine, I tell thee, we are caſt vp o'the Coaſt of *France*. Sfoote, I am not drunke ſtill (I hope?) Doſt remember where we were laſt Night?

Sea. No by my troth knight, not I, but me thinks we haue bin a horrible while vpon the water, and in the water. (thee?

Petr. Aye mee we are vndone for euer: haſt any money about

Sea. Not a penny by heauen.

Pet. Not a penny betwixt vs, and caſt a ſhore in France?

Sea. Faith I cannot tell that; my braines, nor mine eyes are not mine owne, yet. *Enter 2. Gentlemen.*

Pet. Sfoote wilt not beleeue me? I know't by th' *eleuation* of the *Pole*; and by the *altitude* and *latitude* of the *Climate*. See, here comes a coople of French Gentlemē; I knew we were in France: doſt thou think our Engliſhmen are ſo Frenchyfied, that a man knowes not whether he be in France, or in England, whē he ſees 'hem? What ſhall we do? we muſt eene to'hem, and intreat ſome reliefe of hem: Life is ſweete, and wee haue no other meanes to relieue our liues now, but their Charities;

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'hem then you can ſpeak French.

Pet. Monſieur, plaiſt il dauoir pity de noſtre grand infortunes, Ie-ſuis vn poure Cheualier D' Angleterre qui a ſuffrit infortune de Naufrage.

1. *Gen. Vn poure Cheualier D' Angliterre?*

Oui Monſieur, i'l eſt trop vray, mais vous ſcaues bien nous ſomes toutes ſubiect a fortune.

2. *Gen.* A poore Knight of England? a poore *Knight of Windſore* are you not? Why ſpeake you this broken French, when y'are a whole engliſh man? on what coaſt are you thinke you?

1. *Gen.* On the coaſt of Dogges ſir: Y'are ith' *Ile a Dogges* I tel you I ſee y'aue bin waſht in the *Thames* here, & I beleeue yee were drownd in a Tauerne before, or els you would neuer haue toke boat in ſuch a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewel, we wil not know you for ſhaming of you. I ken the man weel, hees one of my thirty pound knights.

2. *Gen.* Now this is hee that ſtole his knighthood o'the grad day for *foure pound* giuing to a page, al the monie in's purſe I wot wel.

Sea. Death, *Collonel*, I knew you were ouer ſhot (*Exeunt.*

Pet. Sure I thinke now indeed, Captaine *Seagul*, we were ſome thing ouer ſhot. *Enter Quickeſiluer.*

What! my ſweete *Franck Quickſiluer!* doeſt thou ſurviue to reioyce me? But what no body at thy heels *Franck*? Ay mee what is become of poore Miſtreſſe *Security*?

Quick. Faith gone quite from her name, as ſhee is from her Fame I thinke; I left her to the mercie of the water.

Sea. Let her goe, let her goe: let vs go to our ſhip at *Blackwall* and ſhift vs.

Pet. Nay by my troth, let our cloaths rotte vpon vs, and let vs rotte in them: twenty to one our ſhip is attacht by this time? if we ſet her not vnderſaile this laſt Tide, I neuer looke for any other. Woe, woe is me, what ſhall become of vs? the laſt money we could make, the greedy *Thams* has deuoured, and if our ſhip be attacht, there is no hope can relieue vs.

Quic. Sfoot Knight, what an vnknightly faintneſſe tranſports thee? let our ſhippe ſincke, and all the world thats without vs be taken from vs, I hope I haue ſome trickes, in this braine of mine, ſhall not let vs periſh.

Sea. Wel ſaid *Franck* yfaith. O my nimble-ſpirited *Quickſiluer.* Foregod would thou hadſt beene our Collonell,

Petr. I like his ſpirit rarely, but I ſee no meanes he has to ſupport that ſpirit.

Quick. Go too Knight, I haue more meanes then thou art aware off: I haue not liu'd amongſt Gould-ſmiths and Gouldmakers all this while, but I haue learned ſomething worthy of my time with 'hem. And not to let thee ſtincke where thou ſtandſt Knight. Ile let thee know ſome of my skill preſently,

Sea. Doe good *Francke* I beſeech thee.

Quick. I will blanch copper ſo cunningly, that it ſhall endure all proofes, but the Teſt: it ſhall endure malleation, it ſhall haue the ponderoſitie of *Luna*, and the tenacity of *Luna*, by no means (friable.

Pet. Slight, where learnſt'thou theſe tearmes, tro?

Quick. Tuſh Knight, the tearmes of this Arte, euery ignorant Quack-ſaluer is perfect in: but ile tell you how your ſelfe ſhall blanch Copper thus cunningly. Take *Arſnicke*, otherwiſe called *Realga* (which indeed is plaine *Ratsbane*) Sublime 'hem three or foure times, then take the ſublimate of this *Realga*, and put 'hem into a Glaſſe, into *Chymia*, & let them haue a conuenient decoction Natural, foure and twenty howres, & he wil become perfectly fixt: Then take this fixed powder, & proieſt him vpon wel-purgd Copper, *et habebis Magiſterium.*

Ambo. Excellent *Franck*, let vs hugge thee.

Quic. Nay this I wil do beſides; Ile take you off twelue pence from euery Angell, with a kinde of *Aqua fortis*, and neuer deface any part of the Image.

Pet. But then it will want weight.

Quick. You ſhall reſtore that thus: Take your *ſal Achime* prepar'd, & your diſtild Vrine and let your Angels lie in it but foure and twenty houres, & they ſhall haue their perfect weight againe: come on now, I holde this is enough to put ſome ſpirit into the liuers of you, Ile infuſe more an other time. Wee haue ſaluted the proud Ayre long enough with our bare skonces, now will I haue you to a wenches houſe of mine at London, there make ſhift to ſhift vs, and after take ſuch fortunes as the ſtarres ſhall aſsigne vs.

Ambo. Notable *Franck* we will euer adore thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Drawer with Wynnifrid, new attired.

Win. Now ſweete friend you haue brought me neere enough your Tauerne, which I deſired I might with ſome colour bee

ſeene neare, inquiring for my husband: who I muſt tell you ſtole thether the laſt night with my wet gowne we haue left at your friends: which, to continue your former honeſt kindnes, let me pray you to keepe cloſe from the knowledge of any; and ſo with all vow of your requitall, let me now entreat you to leaue me to my womans wit, and fortune.

Drawer. Al ſhalbe done you deſire; and ſo al the fortune you can wiſh for, attend you. *Exit Dra.* *Enter Security.*

Secu. I wil once more to this vnhappy Tauerne before I ſhift one ragge of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what newes of their paſſengers: I haue bought me a Hat and band with the little money I had about me; and made the ſtreats a litle leaue ſtaring at my night-cap.

Wyn. O my deare husband! where haue you bin to night? all night abroade at Tauernes? rob me of my garments? and, fare as one run away from me? Ahlas! is this ſeemely for a man of your credit? of your age? and affection to your wife?

Secu. What ſhould I ſay? how miraculouſly ſorts this? was not I at home, and cald thee laſt night?

Win. Yes Sir, the harmeleſſe ſleepe you broke, and my anſwer to you would haue witneſt it, if you had had the patience to haue ſtaid and anſwered me; but your ſo ſodain retrait, made me imagine you were gone to M. *Brambles*, and ſo reſted patient, and hopefull of your comming againe, till this your vnbeleeued abſence brought me, abrode with no leſſe then wonder, to ſeeke you where the falſe Knight had carried you.

Secu. Villaine, & Monſter that I was, how haue I abuſ'd thee? I was ſuddenly gone indeed! for my ſodaine ielouſie tranſferred me, I will ſay no more but this deare wife I ſuſpected thee.

Wyn. Did you ſuſpect me?

Secu. Talke not of it I beſeech thee. I am aſhamed to imagine it, I will home, I will home, and euery morning on my knees aske thee hartelie forgiueneſſe. *Exeunt.*

Now will I deſcend my honorable Proſpect; the farthyeſt ſeeing Sea mark of the World: Noe marualle then if I could ſee two miles about me. I hope the redde Tempeſts anger be nowe ouer blowne, which ſure I thinke Heauen ſent as a puniſhment for prophaning holie Saint *Lukes* memorie, with ſo ridicolous a cuſtome. Thou diſhoneſt *Satire*, farewel to honeſt married Men; Farewell, to all ſorts and degrees of thee. Farewell thou horne of

hunger

hunger that calſt th'Innes a court to their Manger: Farewell thou horne of aboundance, that adorneſt the headſmen of the Common wealth: Farewell thou horne of direction, that is the Citty Lanthorne: Farewell thou Horne of Pleaſure, the Enſigne of the huntſman: farewell thou horne of deſtiny, th'enſigne of the married man: Farewell thou Horne Tree that beareſt nothing but Stone-fruite. *Exit.*

Enter Touchſtone.

Touch. Ha ſirah! Thinkes my Knight Aduenturer we can no point of our compaſſe? Doe wee not knowe *North North-eaſt? North-eaſt and by Eaſt? Eaſt and by North!* nor plaine *Eaſt-ward?* Ha? haue we neuer heard of *Virginia?* nor the *Canallaria?* nor the *Colonoria?* Can we diſcouer no diſcoueries? well mine errãt ſir *Flaſh*, and my cunnagate *Quickſiluer*, you may drinke dronke cracke cannes, hurle away a browne dozen of *Monmouth capps* or ſo, in ſea ceremony to your *bone voyage:* but for reaching any Coaſt ſaue the coaſt of *Kent*, or *Eſſex*, with this Tide, or with this ſleete, Ile bee your warrant for a *Grauеſ-end* Toſt: The'rs that gone afore, will ſtay your *Admirall* and *Vice-admirall*, and *Rere-admirall*, were they all (as they are) but one *Pinnace*, and vnder ſaile, as well as a *Romora*, doubt it not; & frõ this Sconce without either pouder or ſhot. *Worke vpon that now.* Nay, and you'le ſhew trickes, weele vie with you, a little. My daughter his Lady was ſent Eaſtward, by land to a caſtle of his, i'the aire (in what Region I know not) and (as I heare) was glad to take vp her lodging in her coach, ſhe and her two waiting women, her mayd, and her mother, like three ſnailes in a ſhell and the coachman a topp on'hem, I thinke ſince they haue al found the way backe againe by weeping croſſe. But ile not ſee 'hem. And for two on 'hem, *Madam* and her *Malkin*, they are like to bite o'the bridle for *William*, as the poore horſes haue done all this while that hurried 'hem, or elſe to graze o'the common: So ſhould my *Dame Touchſtone* too, but ſhe has beene my croſſe theſe 30. yeeres and ile now keepe her, to fright away ſprights yfaith. I wonder I heare no newes of my ſonne *Golding*! hee was ſent for to the *Guild-hall*, this Morning betimes, and I maruaile at the matter, if I had not ſtaide vp comfort, and hope in him, I ſhould growe deſperate of all. See, He is come i'my thought! How now ſonne? what newes at the Court of Aldermen?

Enter Golding.

Gould. Troth Sir, an Accident ſomewhat ſtrange, els it hath litle in it worth the reporting.

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money then?

Gol. No ſir, it hath pleaſde the worſhipful Commoners of the cittie to take me one i'their number at preſentatiõ of the inqueſt.

Touch. Ha! *Gold.* And the *Alderman* of the warde wherein I dwel, to appoint me his Deputy- *Touch.* How! (went.

Gould. In which place, I haue had an oath miniſtred me, ſince I

Touch. Now my deare, & happy ſonne! let me kiſſe thy newe worſhip, & a little boaſt mine owne happines in thee: What a fortune was it (or rather my iudgment indeed) for me, firſt to ſee that in his diſpoſition, which a whole Citty ſo conſpires to second? Tane into the Liuorie of his company, the firſt day of his freedome? now (not a weeke married) choſen *Commoner?* and *Aldermans* Deputy in a day? note but the reward of a thriftie courſe. The wonder of his time! Well, I wil honour M. *Alderman*, for this act, (as becomes me) and ſhall thinke the better of the common Councels wiſdom, & worſhip, while I liue, for thus meeting, or but comming after me in the opinion of his deſert: Forward, my ſufficient *ſonne*, and as this is the firſt, ſo eſteeme it the leaſt ſtep, to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Goul. Sir as I was not ambitious of this, ſo I couet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but ſaue me frõ contempt: and I had rather my bearing, in this, or any other office, ſhould adde worth to it; then the place giue the leaſt opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently ſpoken: This modeſt Anſwer of thine bluſhes, as if it ſaid, I wil weare ſcarlet ſhortly. Worſhipfull ſonne! I cannot containe my ſelfe, I muſt tell thee, I hope to ſee thee one o'the Monuments of our citty, and reckon'd among her worthies to be remembred the ſame day with the Lady *Ramſey*, & graue *Greſham*: when the famous fable of *Whittington*, & his *Puſſe*, ſhal be forgotten, and thou and thy Acts become the Poſies for Hoſpitals, when thy name ſhall be written vpon Conduits, and thy deeds plaid i'thy life time, by the beſt companies of Actors, and be calld their *Get-penie*. This I diuine and Propheſie.

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation farder: then my abilities wil anſwer: I that know mine own ſtrengths, feare 'hem; & there is ſo ſeldom a loſſe in promiſing the leaſt, that cõmonly it brings with it a welcome deceipt. I haue other newes for you ſir.

Touch.

Touch. None more welcome, I am ſure?

Gol. They haue their degree of welcome, I dare affirme. The Colonell, and al his company, this morning putting forth drunk from *Belingſgate*, had like to haue beene caſt away o'this ſide *Greenwich*: & (as I haue intelligence, by a falſe Brother) are come dropping to towne, like ſo many maiſterles men, i'their doublets and hoſe, without Hat, or Cloake; or any other ———

Touch. A miracle! the iuſtice of Heauen! where are they? lets goe preſently and lay for 'hem.

Gould. I haue done that already ſir, both by Conſtables, and other officers; who ſhal take 'hem at their old *Anchor*; & with leſſe tumult, or ſuſpition, then if your ſelfe were ſeene int: vnder colour of a great Preſſe, that is now abroad, and they ſhall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent, & politique ſonne! Diſgrace 'hem all that euer thou canſt; their ſhip I haue already arreſted, Howe to my wiſh it fals out, that thou haſt the place of a iuſticer vpon them! I am partly glad of the iniurie done to me, that thou maiſt puniſh it. Be ſeuere i thy place, like a new officer o the firſt quarter, vnreflected: you heare how our Lady is come backe with her traine, from the inuiſible Caſtle? *Gold.* No, where is ſhe?

Touch. Within, but I ha not ſeene her yet, nor her mother, who now beginnes to wiſh her daughter vndubd, they ſay, and that ſhe had walked a foot-paſe with her ſiſter, Here they come ſtand back.

Touchſtone, Miſtreſſe Touchſtone, Girtrude, Goulding, Mildred, Syndefy.

God ſaue your Lidiſhip: ſaue your good Ladiſhip: your Ladiſhip is welcome from your inchanted Caſtle, ſo are your beautious Retinew, I heare your Knight errant is traueld on ſtrange aduentures: ſurely in my mind, *your Ladiſhip hath fiſht faire, and caught a frogge*, as the ſaying is.

Miſt. Touch. Speake to your father Madam, & kneele downe.

Gir. Kneele? I hope I am not brought ſo low yet: though my Knight be run away, and has ſold my land, I am a Lady ſtill.

Touch. Your Ladiſhip ſaies true, Madam, & it is fitter, and a greater *decorum*, that I ſhould curtſie to you that are a Knights wife, and a Lady, then you be brought a your knees to me, who am a poore cullion, and your father.

Gir. Low! my Father knowes his duty: *Miſt. Touch.* O child!

Touch.

Touch. And therefore I doe deſire your Ladiſhip, my good Lady *Flaſh*, in all humility, to depart my obſcure Cottage, and returne inqueſt of your bright, and moſt tranſparent Caſtell, *how euer preſently concealed to mortall eyes.* And as for one poore woman of your traine here, I will take that order, ſhee ſhall no longer be a charge vnto you, nor helpe to ſpend your Ladiſhip; ſhe ſhall ſtay at home with me, and not goe abroad, not put you to the pawning of an odde Coach-horſe, or three wheeles, but take part with the *Touchſtone*: If we lacke, we will not complaine to your Ladiſhip. And ſo good *Madam*, with your *Damoſell* here, pleaſe you to let vs ſee your ſtraight backs, in equipage; for truly, here is no rouſt for ſuch chickens as you are, or birds o'your feather, if it like your Ladiſhip.

Gir. Mary, fyſte o'your kindneſſe. I thought as much. Come away *Sinne*, we ſhall aſſoone get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing of court'ſie here. *Mild.* O, good Siſter!

Gir. Siſter, ſir reuerẽce? come away, I ſay, Hunger drops out at his noſe.

Gol. O Madam, *Faire words neuer hurt the tongue.*

Gir. Howe ſay you by that? you come out with your golde *Mr. Touc.* Stay Lady-daughter: good husband, (ends now!

Touch. Wife no man loues his fetters, be they made of gold: I liſt not ha'my head faſtned vnder my childs girdle; as ſhee has brew'd ſo let her drinke, a Gods name: ſhe went witleſſe to wedding, now ſhe may goe wiſely a begging. It's but hony-Moone yet with her Ladiſhip; ſhe has Coach horſes, Apparel, Iewels yet left, ſhe needs care for no friends, nor take knowledg of *Father, Mother, Brother, Siſter*, or any body: When thoſe are pawn'd or ſpent, perhaps we ſhall returne into the liſt of her acquaintance.

Gyrt. I ſcorne it ifaith. Come *Sinne.* (*Exit Gyrt.*

Mr. Tou. O Madam, why doe you prouoke your Father, thus?

Touch. Nay, nay eene let Pride go afore, Shame wil follow after I warrant you, come, why doeſt thou weepe now? thou are not the firſt good cow haſt had an il calfe, I truſt. What's the newes, with that fellow? *Enter Conſtable.*

Goul. Sir, the Knight, and your man *Quickeſiluer*, are without, will'hem brought in.

Touch. O by any meanes. And Sonne, heer's a Chaire; appeare terrible vnto'hem, on the firſt enter view. Let them behold the melancholy of a Magiſtrate, & taſte the fury of a Citizẽ in office.

Goul. Why Sir, I can do nothing to'hem, except you charge them with ſomewhat.

Touch.

Ton. I will charge 'hem, and recharge 'hem, rather then authoritie ſhould want foile to ſet it off. *Gou.* No good ſir, I wil not.

Ton. Sonne it is your place; by any meanes.

Gou. Beleeue it, I will not ſir.

Enter Knight Pet. Quick. Conſtable, Officers.

Pet. How Misfortune purſues vs ſtill in our miſerie!

Quick. Would it had bin my fortune, to haue bin truſt vp at *Wapping*, rather then euer ha come here.

Pet. Or mine, to haue famiſht in the Iland.

Quic. Muſt *Goulding* ſit vpon vs? (worſhip.

Con. You might carry an M. vnder your girdle to Mr. Deputies

Gou. What are thoſe Mr. Conſtable?

Con. An't pleaſe your worſhip, a couple of maiſterles men, I preſt for the Low-countries, ſir.

Gou. Why do you not carry 'hem to Bridewell, according to your order they may be ſhipt away?

Con. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, one of 'hem ſayes he is a knight; & we thought good to ſhew him your worſhip, for our diſcharge.

Gou. Which is he? *Con.* This ſir. *Gou.* And what's the other?

Con. A knights fellow ſir, an't pleaſe you.

Goul. What a Knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their Hats, and feathers, their rapiers and cloakes?

Quic. O they mocke vs.

Con. Nay truely ſir, they had caſt both their feathers, and hattes too, before we did ſee 'hem. Her'es all their furniture an't pleaſe you, that we found. They ſay, Knights are now to be knowne without feathers, like Cockrels by their Spurres, Sir.

Goul. What are their names, ſay they?

Touch. Very wel this. He ſhould not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed. *Con.* This is ſir *Petronell Flaſh.*

Touch. How! *Con.* And this *Francis Quickeſilver.*

Touch. Is't poſsible? I thought your worſhip had beene gone for *Virginia*, Sir, you are welcome home ſir. Your worſhippe haz made a quicke returne, it ſeemes, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be couer'd Sir. How did your Biſquet hold out Sir? Me thought I had ſeene this gentleman afore; good M. *Quickeſilver*! How a degree to the *Southward* haz chang'd you!

Gould. Doe you know 'hem father? Forbeare your offers a little, you ſhall be heard anone.

Touch. Yes, M. Deputie: I had a ſmall venture with them in the voyage, a Thing, call'd *a Son in law*, or ſo. Officers, you may let 'hem

ſtand alone, they will not runne away, Ile giue my word for them. A couple of very honeſt Gentlemen. One of 'hem was my Prentiſe, M. *Quick* here, and when he had ij. yeares to ſerue, kept his whore, and his hunting Nag, would play his hundred pound at *Greſco*, or *Primero*, as familiarly (and all a'my purſe) as any bright peece of Crimſō on 'hem all; had his changeable trunks of apparel, ſtanding at liuery with his Mare, his cheſt of perfumed linnen, & his Bathing tubs, which when I told him of, why he! he was a Gentleman, and I a poore *Cheapeſide* Groome. The remedy was, we muſt part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathring vp ſom ſinal parcells of mine, to the value of fiue hundred pound diſperſt among my cuſtomers, to furniſh this his *Virginian* venture; wherein this Knight was the chief, ſir *Flaſh*: one that married a daughter of mine, Ladified her, turnd ij. thouſand pounds woorth of good land of hers into *Caſh*, within the firſt weeke, bought her a new Gowne, and a Coach, ſent her to ſeek her fortune by land, whilſt himſelfe prepared for his fortune by ſea, tooke in freſh fleſh at *Belinſgate*, for his owne diet, to ſerue him the whole voyage, the wife of a certaine vſurer calld *Securitie*, who hath been the Broker for 'hem in all this buſineſſe: Pleaſe maiſter Deputie, *Worke vpon that now.*

Goul. If my worſhipfull Father haue ended.

Touch. I haue, it ſhall pleaſe Mr. Deputy.

Goul. Well then, vnder correction. ——

Touch. Now ſon, come ouer 'hem with ſome fine guird, as thus, *Knight, you ſhall be encountred*, that is, had to the *Counter*; or *Quicke-ſiluer, I will put you in a crucible*, or ſo.

Gould. Sir *Petronell Flaſh*, I am ſory to ſee ſuch flaſhes as theſe proceede from a Gentleman of your Quality & Rancke; For mine own part, I could wiſh, I could ſay, I could not ſee them: but ſuch is the miſery of Magiſtrates, & men in Place, that they muſt not winke at Offenders. Take him aſide, I will heare you anone ſir.

Tou. I like this well yet: there's ſome grace i' the knight left, he cries.

Goul. *Francis Quick ſiluer*, would God thou hadſt turnd *Quick-ſaluer*, rather then run into theſe diſſolute, & lewd courſes; It is great pitty, thou art a proper young man, of an honeſt & clean face, ſomewhat neare a good on, (God hath done his part in thee) but, thou haſt made too much, & been too prowd of that face, with the reſt of thy bodie; for maintainance of which in neate and gariſh attire, onely to be looked vpon by ſome light houſwiſes) thou haſt prodigally conſumed much of thy Maſters eſtate: and being by him gently admoniſh'd, at ſeuerall times, haſt returnd thy ſelfe haughty, and rebelli-

that ſought Aduentures, but theſe of the ſquare Table at *Ordinaries*, that ſit at hazard.

Gyr. Trie *Syn*, let him vaniſh. And tel me, what ſhal we pawn next?

Syn. I mary, Madam, a timely conſideration, for our Hoſteſſe (prophane woman) haz ſworne by bread, & ſalt, ſhe will not truſt vs an other meale.

Gyr. Let it ſtinke in her hand then. Ile not be beholding to her. Let me ſee, my Iewels be gone, & my Gowne, & my red velluet Petticote, that I was married in, & my wedding ſilke ſtockings, and all thy beſt apparell, poore *Syn.* Good faith rather then thou ſhouldeſt pawne a rag more il'e lay my ladiſhip in lauender, If I knew where.

Syn. Alas, Madam your Ladiſhip?

Gyr. I; why? you do not ſcorne my Ladiſhip, though it is in a waſtcoate? Gods my life, you are a *Peate* indeed! doe I offer to morgage my Ladiſhip, for you, and for your auaile, and do you turne the Lip. and the Alas to my Ladiſhip? (on it?

Syn. No Madam, but I make queſtion, who will lend any thing vp-

Gyr. Who? mary inow, I warrant you, if you'le ſeeke 'hem out. I'm ſure I remember the time, when I would ha' giuen 1000. pound, (if I had had it) to haue bin a Ladie; & I hope I was not bred & born with that appetite alone: ſome other gentle borne o' the Cittie, haue the ſame longing I truſt. And for my part, I wold afford 'hem a peni-'rth, my Ladiſhip is little the worſe for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deale of the ſumme. I would lend it (let me ſee) for 40. li. in hand, *Syn*, that would apparell vs; and 10. li. a yeare: that would keepe me, and you, *Syn*, (with our needles) and we ſhould neuer need to be beholding to our ſeruy Parents? Good Lord, that there are no *Faires* now a daies, *Syn.* *Syn.* Why Madame?

Gyr. To doe Miracles, and bring Ladies money. Sure, if wee lay in a cleanly houſe, they would haunt it, *Synne*? Ile trie. Ile ſweepe the Chamber ſoone at night, & ſet a diſh of water o' the Hearth. A *Fayrie* may come, and bring a Pearle, or a Diamond. We do not know *Synne*? Or, there may be a pot of Gold hid o' the back-ſide, if we had tooles to digge for't? why may not we two riſe earely i' the morning (*Synne*) afore any bodie is vp, and find a Iewell, i' the ſtreetes, worth a 100. li? May not ſome great Court-Lady, as ſhe comes from Reuels at midnight, looke out of her Coach, as 'tis running, and looſe ſuch a Iewell, and we find it? Ha?

Syn. They are prettie waking dreames, theſe.

Gyr. Or may not ſome olde Vſurer be drunke ouer-night? with a Bagge of money, and leaue it behinde him on a Stall? for God-

ſake *Syn*, let's riſe to morrow by breake of day, and ſee. I proteſt law if I had as much money as an Alderman, I would ſcatter ſome on't i'th'ſtreetes for poore Ladies to finde, when their Knights were laid vp. And, now I remember my Song o'the *Golden ſhowre*, why may not I haue ſuch a fortune? Ile ſing it, & try what luck I ſhal haue after it.

Fond Fables tell of olde,
How Ioue in Danaes lappe
Fell in a ſhowre of Gold,
By which ſhee caught a clappe;
O had it beene my hap,
(*How ere the blow doth threaten*)
So well I like the play,
That I could wiſh all day
And night to be ſo beaten.

Enter Miſt. Touchſtone.

O heers's my mother! good lucke, I hope. Ha'you brought any money mother? Pray you mother your bleſsing. Nay, ſweete mother do not weepe.

Miſt. Touch. God bleſſe you; I would I were in my graue.

Gyr. Nay deare mother, can you ſteale no more money from my father? dry your eyes and comfort me. Alas it is my Knights fault, and not mine, that I am in a Waſt-coate, and attyred thus ſimply.

Miſt. Touch. Simply? tis better then thou deſeru'ſt. Neuer whimper for the matter. *Thou ſhouldſt haue look't before thou hadſt leap't.* Thou wert afire to be a Ladie, and now your Ladiſhip & you may both *blowe at the Cole*, for aught I know, *Selfe doe, ſelfe haue*, *The haſtie perſon neuer wants woe*, they ſay.

Gyr. Nay then mother, you ſhould ha look't to it; A bodie would thinke you were the older: I did but my kinde, I, he was a Knight, and I was fit to be a Ladie. Tis not lacke of liking, but lacke of liuing, that ſeuers vs. And you talke like your ſelf & a Cittiner in this, yfaith. You ſhew what husband you come on iwis? You ſmell the *Touchſtone*. He that will doe more for his daughter that he has married a ſciruy gold-end man, & his Prentiſe then he wil for his t'other Daughter, that has wedded a Knight, & his Cuſtomer. By this light, I thinke he is not my legittimate Father.———

Syn. O good Madam, doe not take vp your mother ſo.

Miſt. Touch. Nay, nay, let her eene alone. Let her Ladiſhip grieue me ſtill, with her bitter taunts and termes. I haue not dole inough to ſee her in this miſerable caſe, I? without her Veluet gownes, without Ribbands, without Iewels, without French-wires, or Cheat-bread, or Quailes, or a little Dog, or a Gentleman Vſher, or any thing indeed, that's fit for a Lady.——*Syn.* Except her tongue.

Miſt. Touch. And I not able to relieue her neither, being kept ſo ſhort by my husband. Well, God knowes my heart. I did litle thinke that euer ſhe ſhould haue had need of her ſiſter *Golding*.

all his kindneſſe with a courſe & harſh behauiour, neuer returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiuing all, as if they had bin debts to thee, & no courteſies. I muſt tell thee *Francis*, theſe are manifeſt ſignes of an ill nature; and God doth often puniſh ſuch pride, and *outrecuidance*, with ſcorne and infamie, which is the worſt of misfortune. My worſhipfull father, what doe you pleaſe to charge them withall? from the preſſe I will free 'hem Maiſter Conſtable.

Conſt. Then Ile leaue your worſhip, ſir.

Gould. No, you may ſtay, there will be other matters againſt 'hem.

Touch. Sir I do charge this Gallant, M. *Quick-ſiluer*, on ſuſpition of Felony; & the knight as being acceſſarie, in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O good ſir!

Touch. Hold thy peace impudent varlot, hold thy peace. With what forehead or face, doſt thou offer to *choppe Logicke* with me, hauing run ſuch a race of Riot, as thou haſt done? Do's not the ſight of this worſhipfull mans fortune & temper, confound thee, that was thy yonger fellow in houſhold, and nowe come to haue the place of a Iudge vpon thee? Doſt not obſerue this? Which of all thy Gallants, and Gamſters, thy Swearers & thy Swaggerers, will come now to mone thy misfortune, or pitty thy penurie? They'le looke out at a window, as thou rid'ſt in triumph to *Tiborne*, and crie, yonder goes honeſt *Franck*, mad *Quickeſiluer*; He was a free boone companion, when he had money, ſayes one; Hang him foole, ſayes another, hee could not keepe it when he had it; A pox oth Cullion, his Mr. (ſaies a third) he has brought him to this: when their Pox of Pleaſure, and their piles of perdition, would haue bin better beſtowed vpon thee, that haſt ventred for 'hem with the beſt, and by the clew of thy knauerie brought thy ſelfe weeping to the Cart of Calamitie.

Quick. Worſhipfull Maiſter.

Touch. Offer not to ſpeake, *Crocodile*, I will not heare a ſound come from thee. Thou haſt learnt to whine at the play yonder. Maiſter *Deputie*, pray you commit hem both to ſafe cuſtodie, till I be able farther to charge hem.

Quic. O me what an vnfortunate thing am I?

Pet. Will you not take ſecuritie, ſir?

Touch. Yes mary will I ſir *Flaſh*, if I can find him, and charge him as deepe as the beſt on you. He has beene the plotter of all this: he is your Inginer, I heare Maiſter *Deputie*, you'le diſpoſe of theſe? In the meane time, Ile to my *Lord Maior*, and get his warrant, to ſeize that ſerpent *Securitie* into my hands, and ſeale vp both houſe, and goods to the Kings vſe, or my ſatisfaction.

Touch. Nay, on, on: you ſee the iſſue of your Sloth. Of Sloth commeth Pleaſure, of Pleaſure commeth Riot, of Riot comes Whoring, of Whoring comes Spending, of Spending comes Want; of Want comes Theft, of Theft comes Hanging; & there is my *Quickſil.* fixt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima. *Exeunt.*

Gyrtrude. *Syndeſie.*

Gyr. Ah *Synne*! haſt thou euer read i'the Chronicle of any Ladie, & her waiting woman, driuen to that extremitie, that we are *Synne*?

Syn. Not I truely, Madam, and if I had, it were but cold comfort ſhould come out of the bookes, now.

Gyr. Why, good faith *Syn.* I could dine with a lamentable ſtorie, now, *O hone, hone, one nera, &c.* Canſt thou tell nere a one, *Syn*?

Sin. None but mine owne, Madam, which is lamentable inough; firſt to be ſtolne from my Friends, which were worſhipfull, and of good accompt, by a Prentiſe, in the habite and diſguiſe of a Gentleman, and here brought vp to London, & promis'd marriage, and now likely to be forſaken (for he is in poſsibilitie to be hangd.)

Gyr. Nay, weepe not good *Synne.* My *Petronell*, is in as good poſsibility as he. Thy miſeries are nothing to mine, *Synne*: I was more then promis'd marriage, *Synne*; I had it *Synne*: and was made a Lady; and by a Knight, *Syn*: which is now as good as no Knight *Syn.* And I was borne in *London*, which is more then brought vp, *Syn*: & alreadie forſaken, which is paſt likelihood, *Syn*: and in ſtead of Land i'the Countrey, all my knights liuing lies i'the *Counter*, *Syn*: there's his Caſtle now. *Syn.* Which he cannot be forc'd out of Madam.

Gyr. Yes if he would liue hungrie a weeke, or two, *Hunger they ſay breakes ſtone walls.* But he is eene well inough ſeru'd, *Syn*, that ſo ſoone as euer he had got my hand to the ſale of my inheritance, ran away from me, and I had beene his Puncke, God bleſſe vs. Would the Knight o'the *Sun*, or *Palmerine* of England, haue vſed their Ladies ſo, *Syn*, or ſir *Lancelot*? or ſir *Triſtram*? *Syn.* I do not know, Madam.

Gyr. Then thou knoweſt nothing, *Syn.* Thou art a foole, *Syn.* The Knighthood now adayes, are nothing like the Knighthood of olde time. They ride a horſ-backe, Ours goe a foote. They were attended by their Squires, Ours by their Lackies. They went buckled in their Armour, Ours muffled in their Cloaks. They trauaild wildernesſes, & deſarts, Ours dare ſcarce walke the ſtreets. They were ſtill, preſt to engage their Honor, Ours ſtill ready to pawne their cloaths. They would gallop on at ſight of a monſter, Ours run away at ſight of a ſerieant. They wold helpe poore ladies, Ours make poore ladies.

Syn. I madam, they were knights of the round Table at *Winchester.*

Gyr. Why Mother, I ha not yet. Alas; good Mother, be not intoxicate for me, I am well inough, I would not change husbands with my ſiſter, I. *The legge of a Larke is better then the body of a Kite.*

Mi. Touch. Know that. But—— *Gyr.* What ſweet Mother, What?

Mi. Touc. It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the Claw.

Gyr. That's true Mother; Aye me.

Mi. Tou. Nay, ſweet Lady-bird, ſigh not; Child, Madame. Why do you weepe thus? Be of good cheere. I ſhall die, if you cry, and mar your complexion thus? *Gyr.* Alas Mother, what ſhould I do?

Mi. Tou. Go to thy Siſter, Child, Sheel'e be prowd, thy Lady-ſhip wil come vnder her roof. Shee'l win thy Father to releaſe thy Knight and redeeme thy Gownes, and thy Coach, and thy Horſes, and ſet thee vp againe. *Gyr.* But will ſhe get him to ſet my Knight vp, too?

Mi. Touch. That ſhe will, or any thing elſe thou'lt aske her.

Gyr. I will begin to loue her, if I thought ſhe would doe this.

Mi. Touch. Try her good Chucke, I warrant thee.

Gyr. Dooſt thou thinke ſheel'e doo't?

Syn. I Madame, and be glad you will receiue it.

Mi. Touch. That's a good Mayden, ſhe tells you trew. Come, Ile take order for your debts i'the Ale-houſe.

Gyr. Goe, *Syn*, and pray for thy *Franck*, as I will, for my *Pet.*

Enter Touchſtone, Goulding, Woolfe.

Touch. I will receiue no Letters, M. *Woolfe*, you ſhall pardon me.

Gould. Good Father let me entreat you.

Tou. Son *Goulding*, I wil not be tempted, I find mine own eaſie nature, & I know not what a well-pend ſubtle letter may work vpon it: there may be tricks, packing, do you ſee? return with your packet ſir.

Woolfe. Beleeue it Sir, you need feare no packing here. Theſe are but Letters of Submiſsion, all.

Tou. Sir, I do looke for no Submiſsion. I wil beare my ſelf in this like *Blind Iuſtice, Worke vpon that now.* When the Seſsions come, they ſhall

Coul. From whom come your Letters, M *Wolfe?* (heare from me.

Wool. And't pleaſe you Sir One from *Sir Petro.* Another from *Fra. Quick.* And a third, from old *Securitie*, who is almoſt mad in Priſon. There are two, to your worſhip: One from M. *Francis*, Sir. Another from the Knight.

Touch. I doe wonder, M. *Woolfe*, why you ſhould trauaile thus, in a buſineſſe ſo contrarie to kinde, or the nature o'your Place! that you being the Keeper of a Priſon, ſhould labour the releaſe of your Priſoners! Whereas me thinks, it were farre more Naturall, & Kindely in you, to be ranging about for more, & not let theſe ſcape you haue

alreadie vnder the Tooth. But they say, you *Wolues*, when you ha ſuck't the blood once, that they are drie, you ha done.

Woolfe. Sir, your Worſhip may deſcant as you pleaſe o'my name, but I proteſt, I was never ſo mortified with any mẽs diſcourſe, or behauiour in Priſon; yet I haue had of all ſorts of men i'the kingdome, vnder my Keyes: & almoſt of all Religions i'the land, as *Papiſt, Proteſtant, Puritane, Browniſt, Anabaptiſt, Millenary, Famely o'Loue, Iewe, Turke, Infidell, Atheiſt, Good Fellow, &c.* (ligion?

Gould. And which of all theſe (thinks M. *Woolfe*) was the beſt re-

Woolfe. Troth, M. *Deputie*, they that pay Fees beſt: we never examine their conſciences farder.

Gould. I beleeve you M. *Woolfe*. Good faith, Sir, Here's a great deale of humilitie i'theſe Letters.

Woolfe. Humilitie, Sir? I, were your Worſhip an Eye-witneſſe of it, you would ſay ſo. The Knight will i'the *Knights-Ward*, doe what we can Sir, and Maiſter *Quickeſilver*, would be i'the *Hole*, if we would let him. I never knew, or ſaw Priſoners more penitent, or more deuout. They will ſit you vp all night ſinging of *Pſalmes*; and ædifying the whole Priſon: onely, *Securitie* ſings a note too high, ſometimes, becauſe hee lyes i'the *Two-penny ward*, farre off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbors cannot reſt for him, but come euerie Morning to aske, what godly Priſoners we haue.

Touch. Which on'hem is't is ſo deuout, the Knight, or the to'ther?

Woolfe. Both Sir. But the young Man eſpecially! I never heard his like! He has cut his hayre too. He is ſo well giuen, and has ſuch good gifts! He can tell you, almoſt all the Stories of the *Booke* of *Martyrs*, and ſpeake you all the *Sicke-mans Salue* without Booke.

Touch. I, if he had had grace, he was brought vp where it grew, iwis. On Maiſter *Wolfe*.

Wolfe. And he has conuerted one *Fangs* a Seriant, a fellow could neither write, nor read, he was call'd the Bandog o'the Counter: and he has brought him already to pare his nailes, & ſay his prayers, and 'tis hop'd he will ſell his place ſhortly, & become an Intelligencer.

Touch. No more, I am comming already. If I ſhould give any farder eare, I were taken. Adue good Maiſter *Wolfe*. Sonne, I doe feele mine own weakneſſes, do not importune me, Pity is a Rheume that I am ſubiect to, but I will reſiſt it. Maiſter *Wolfe*, *Fiſh is caſt away, that is caſt in drye Pooles:* Tell *Hipocriſie*, it will not doe, I haue touchd and tried too often; I am yet proofe, and I will remaine ſo: when the Seſſions come, they ſhall heare from me. In the meane time, to all ſuites, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deafe as

an Adder, and blinde as a Beetle, lay mine eare to the ground, and locke mine eyes i'my hand, againſt all temptations. *Exit.*

Gould. You ſee Maiſter *Woolfe*, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recouer him. Pray you commend me to my brother Knight, and to my fellow *Francis*, preſent 'hem with this ſmall token of my loue; tel 'hem. I wiſh I could do 'hem any worthier office; but in this, tis deſperate: yet I will not faile to trie the vttermoſt of my power for 'hem. And ſir, as farre as I haue any credite with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing: though I am not ambitious, they ſhould know ſo much.

Woolfe. Sir, both your actions, and words ſpeake you to be a true Gentleman. They ſhall know only what is fit, and no more. *Exeunt.*

Enter Holdfaſt. Bramble, Securitie.

Hold. Who would you ſpeake with Sir?

Bra. I would ſpeak with one *Security*, that is priſoner here. (*rity.*

Hol. Y'are welcome ſir. Stay there, Ile call him to you M. *Secu-*

Sec. Who calls? *Hol.* Here's a Gentlemã would ſpeak with you.

Secu. What is hee? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in priſon, and comes to ſee how the hornes ſhoote vp, and proſper?

Hold. You muſt pardon him Sir.: The olde man is alittle crazd with his impriſonment.

Secu. What ſay you to me Sir? Looke you here. My learned Counſaile M. *Bramble*! Cry you mercy, Sir: when ſaw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my houſe, Sir, and deſir'd mee that would come to Viſite you, and inquire of you your Caſe, that wee might worke ſome meanes to get you forth.

Secu. My Caſe, M. *Bramble*, is ſtone walles, and yron grates; you ſee it, this is the weakeſt part on't. And, for getting mee forth, no meanes but hang my ſelfe, and ſo be carried forth, from which they haue heere bound me, in intollerable bands.

Bram. Why but what is't you are in for, Sir?

Secu. For my Sinnes, for my Sinnes Sir, whereof Mariage is the greateſt. O, had I neuer marryed, I had neuer knowne this *Purgatory*, to which Hell is a kinde of coole Bath in reſpect: My wiues confederacie Sir, with old *Touchſtone*, that ſhee might keepe her *Iubilae*, and the Feaſt of her *New-Moone*. Doe you vnderſtand me Sir?

Enter Quickeſiluer.

Quick. Good Sir, Goe in and talke with him. The light do's him harme, and his example will be hurtfull to the weake Priſoners. Fie, Father *Securitie*, that you'le be ſtill ſo prophane, will nothing humble you? *Enter two Priſoners, with a Friend.* *Friud.* What's he?

Pri. 1. O he is a rare yong man. Doe you not know him?

Fri. Not I, I neuer saw him, I can remember.

Pri. 2. Why, it is he that was the gallant Prentise of *London*, M. *Touchstones* man. *Frien.* Who, *Quicksilver?* *Pri.* 1. I, this is hee.

Frien. Is this hee? They say, he has beene a Gallant indeede.

Pri. O, the royalliest fellow, that euer was bred vp i'the City. He would play you his thousand pound a night at Dice; keepe Knights and Lords company; go with them to baudy houses, had his six men in a Liuerie; kept a stable of Hunting horses; and his Wench in her veluet Gowne, and her Cloth of siluer; Heres one knight with him here in Prison. *Friend.* And how miserably he is chang'd!

Pri. 1. O, that's voluntary in him; he gaue away all his rich clothes assoone as euer he came in here, among the Prisoners: and will eate o'the *Basket*, for humilitie. *Friend.* Why will he doe so?

Pri. 2. Alas he has no hope of life. He mortifies himselfe. He do's but linger on, till the Sessions.

Pri. 2. O, he has pen'd the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance*, or his *Last Fare-well*, that euer you heard: He is a pretie *Poet*, and for *Prose*— You would wonder how many Prisoners he has help't out, with penning *Petitions* for 'hem, and not take a penny. Looke, this is the Knight, in the rugge Gowne. Stand by.

Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quicksilver, Woolfe.

Bram. Sir, for *Securities* Case, I haue told him; Say hee should be condemned to be carted, or whipt, for a *Bawde*, or so, why Ile lay an Execution on him o'two hundred pound, let him acknowledge a Iudgement, he shall doe it in halfe an houre, they shall not all feteh him out, without paying the *Execution*, o'my word.

Pet. But can we not be bay'ld M. *Bramble?*

Bram. Hardly, there are none of the Iudges in Towne, else you should remoue your selfe (in spight of him) with a *Habeas Corpus:* But if you haue a Friend to deliuer your tale sensibly to some Iustice o'the Towne, that hee may haue feeling of it, (doe you see) you may be bayl'd. For as I vnderstand the Case, tis onely done, *In Terrorem*, and you shall haue an Action *of false Imprisonment* against him, when you come out: and perhaps a thousand pound Costes.

Enter M. Woolfe.

Quick. How now, M. *Woolfe?* What newes? what returne?

Woolfe. Faith, bad all: yonder will be no Letters receiued. He sayes the *Sessions* shall determine it. Onely, M. *Deputie Goulding* commends him to you, and with this token, wishes he could doe you other good.

Quick. I thanke him. Good M. *Bramble*, trouble our quiet no more; doe not moleſt vs in Priſon thus, with your winding deuiſes: Pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cauſe to him that can ſuccour me, let God worke his will. M. *Woolſe*, I pray you let this be diſtributed among the Priſoners, and deſire them to pray for vs.

Wool. It ſhall be done, M. *Francis.* *Pri.* 1. An excellent temper!

Pri. 2. Now God ſend him good lucke. *Exeunt.*

Pet. But what ſaid my Father in Law, M. *Woolſe?* *Enter Hold.*

Hold. Here's one would ſpeake with you, Sir.

Wool. Ile tell you anon *Sir Petronell*, who is't?

Hold. A Gentleman, Sir, that will not be ſeene. *Enter Gould.*

Woolſe. Where is he? M. *Deputie!* your wor:is wel-come.——

Goul. Peace! *Woolſe.* Away, Sr:a.

Goul. Good faith M. *Woolſe*, the eſtate of theſe Gentlemen, for whom you were ſo late and willing a Sutor, doth much affect me: & becauſe I am deſirous to do them ſome faire office, and find there is no meanes to make my Father relent, ſo likely, as to bring him to be a Spectator of their Miſery; I haue ventur'd on a deuice, which is, to make my ſelfe your Priſoner: entreating, you will preſently goe report it to my Father, and (fayning, an Action, at ſute of ſome third perſon) pray him by this Token, that he will preſently, and with all ſecrecie, come hether for my Bayle; which trayne, (if any) I know will bring him abroad; and then, hauing him here, I doubt not but we ſhall be all fortunate in the Euent. (in.

Woolſ. Sir, I will put on my beſt ſpeed, to effect it. Pleaſe you come

Gold. Yes; And let me reſt conceal'd, I pray you.

Woolſe. See, here a Benefit, truely done; when it is done timely, freely, and to no Ambition. *Exit.*

Enter Touchſtone Wife Daughters, Syn, Winyfrid.

Touch-ſtone. I will ſayle by you, and not heare you, like the wiſe

Mild. Deare Father. *Miſt. Touch.* Husband. (*Vlyſſes*

Gyr. Father. *Win, & Syn.* M. *Touchſtone.*

Touch. Away Syrens, I will inmure my ſelfe, againſt your eryes; and locke my ſelfe vp to our Lamentations.

Mi. Touc. Gentle Husband, heare me.

Gyr. Father, it is I Father; my Lady *Flaſh*: my ſiſter & I am friends

Mil. Good Father. *Win.* Be not hardned, good M. *Touchſtone.*

Syn. I pray you, Sir, be mercifull.

Touch. I am deafe, I doe not heare you; I haue ſtopt mine eares, with *Shoomakers waxe*, and drunke *Lethe*, and *Mandragora* to forget you: All you ſpeake to me, I commit to the Ayre. *Enter Woolſe.*

Wool. Where's M. *Touchſtone?* I muſt ſpeake with him preſently: I haue loſt my breath for haſte.

Mild. What's the matter Sir? pray all be well.

Woolfe. Maiſter *Depute Goulding* is arreſted vpon an execution, and deſires him preſently to come to him, forthwith.

Mild. Aye me, doe you heare Father?

Touc. Tricks, tricks, confederacie, tricks, I haue'hem in my noſe, I ſent'hem. *Wol.* Who's that? Maiſter *Touchſtone?*

Mi. Tou. Why it is M. *Woolfe* himſelfe, husband. *Mil.* Father.

Tou. I am deafe ſtill, I ſay: I will neither yeeld to the ſong of the *Syren*, nor the voyce of the *Hyena*, the teares of the *Crocadile*, nor the howling o'the *Wolfe*: auoid my habitation, monſters.

Wolfe. Why you are not mad Sir? I pray you looke forth, and ſee the token I haue brought you, Sir.

Tou. Hal what token is it? *Wolfe.* Doe you know it Sir?

Tou. My ſonne *Gouldings* ring! Are you in earneſt M. *Wolfe?*

Wolfe. I by my faith ſir. He is in priſon, and requir'd me to vſe all ſpeed, and ſecrecie to you.

Touch. My Cloake there (pray you be patient) I am plagu'd for my Auſteritie; my Cloake: at whoſe ſuite Maiſter *Wolfe?*

Wolfe. Ile tell you as we Goe ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Friend. Priſoners.

Fri. Why, but is his offence ſuch as he cannot hope of life?

Pri. 1. Troth it ſhould ſeeme ſo: and 'tis great pity; for he is exceeding penitent.

Fri. They ſay he is charg'd but on ſuſpicion of Felony, yet.

Pri. 2. I but his Maiſter is a ſhrewd fellow, heel'e proue great matter againſt him.

Fri. I'de as liue as any thing, I could ſee his *Farewell.*

Pri. 1. O tis rarely written: why *Tobie* may get him to ſing it to you, hee's not curious to any body.

Pri. 2. O no. He would that all the world ſhould take knowledge of his repentance, & thinks he merits in't, the more ſhame he ſuffers.

Pri. 1. Pray thee try what thou canſt do.

Pri. 2. I warrant you, he will not denie it; if hee be not hoarce with the often repeating of it. *Exit.*

Pri. 1. You neuer ſaw a more curteous creature, then he is; and the Knight too: the pooreſt Priſoner of the houſe may command'hem. You ſhall heare a thing admirably pend.

Fri. Is the Knight any Scholler too?

Pri. 1. No, but he will ſpeake very well, and diſcourſe admirably

of running horſes, and *White-Friers*, & againſt Bauds: and of Cocks; and talke as loude as a Hunter, but is none.

Enter Wolfe and Touchſtone.

Wolfe. Pleaſe you ſtay here ſir, ile call his worſhip downe to you.

Priſ. 1. See, he has brought him, and the Knight too, Salute him I pray: Sir, this Gentleman, vpon our report is verie deſirous to heare ſome piece of your *Repentance.* *Enter Quick Pet. &c.*

Quic. Sir, with all my heart, and as I told M. *Tobie*, I ſhal be glad to haue any man a witneſſe of it. And the more openly I proſeſſe it, I hope it will appeare the hartier, and the more vnfained.

Touch. Who is this? my man *Francis?* and my ſonne in law?

Quick. Sir, it is all the teſtimonie I ſhall leaue behinde me to the World, and my Maiſter, that I haue ſo offended.

Friend. Good Sir. *Quic.* I writ it, when my ſpirits were oppreſt

Pet. I, ile be ſworne for you *Francis.*

Quic. It is in imitation of *Maningtons*; he that was hangd at *Cambridge*, that cut off the Horſes head at a blow. *Friend.* So ſir.

Quic. To the tune of *I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.*

Pet. An excellent Dittie it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Qui *In* Cheapſide *famous for Gold, and*
Quickſilver *ſtood well of late:* (*Plate,*
I had a Maiſter good, and kinde, (*mind.*
That would haue wrought me to his
He bade me ſtill work vpon that,
But alas I wrought I know not what,
He was a Touchſtone blacke, but true:
And told me ſtill, what would inſue,
Yet, woe is me, I would not learne,
I ſaw, alas, but could not diſcerne.

Friend. Excellent, excellent well.

Gould. O let him alone, Hee is taken alreadie.

Quic. *I caſt my Coat and Cap away,*
I went in ſilkes and ſattens gay,
Falſe mettall of good manners, I
Did dayly coine vnlawfully.
I ſcornd my Maiſter, being drunke,
I kept my Gelding and my Punke,
And with a knight, ſir Flaſh, *by name,*
(Who now is ſorie for the ſame.

Pet. I thanke you *Francis.*

I thought by Sea to runne awaye, -*But* Thames *and Tempeſt did me ſtay.*

Touch. This cannot be fained ſure. Heauen pardon my ſeueritie. *The ragged Colt, may proue a good Horſe.*

Gould. How he liſtens! and is tranſported? He has forgot mee.

Quic *Still* Eaſtward hoe *was all my word:*
But Weſtward I had no regard.
Nor neuer thought, what would come after,
As did alas his yongeſt Daughter.
At laſt the blacke Oxe trode o' my foote,
And I ſaw t'hen what longd vntoo't,
Now crie I, Touchſtone *touch me ſtill,*
And make me currant by thy skill.

Touch. And I will do it *Francis.*

Wolfe. Stay him M. Deputie, now is the time, wee ſhall looſe the ſong elſe. *Friend.* I proteſt it is the beſt that euer I heard.

Quick. How like you it Gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir!

Quick. This Stanze now following, alludes to the storie of *Mannington*, from whence I tooke my project for my inuention.

Frind. Pray you go on sir.

Quic. *O Mannington by stories show,*
Thou cutst a Horse-head off at a blow:
But I confesse, I haue not the force,
For to cut off the head of a horse,
Yet desire this grace to winne,
That I may cut off the Horse-head of Sin,
And leaue his bodie in the dust
Of sinnes high way and begget of Lust,
Whereby I may take Vertues purse,
And line with her for better, for worse.

Frin. Admirable sir, & excellently conceited. *Quic.* Alas, sir.

Touch. Sonne *Goulding*, and M. *Wolfe*, I thanke you: the deceipt is welcome, especially from thee whose charitable soule in this hath shewne a high point of wisdome and honestie. Listen, I am rauished with his Repentance, and could stand here a whole prentiship to heare him. *Friend.* Forth good sir.

Quick. This is the last, and the *Farewell.*

Farewell Cheapside, *farewell sweet trade,*
Of Goldsmithes all, that neuer shall fade,
Farewell deare fellow Prentises all
And be you warned by my fall:
Shun Vsurers, Bauds and dice, and drabs.
Auoid them as you would French scabs.
Seeke not to goe beyond your Tether,
But cut your thongs vnto your Lether:
So shall you thriue by little and little,
Scape Tiborne, Counters, *& the* Spittle.

Touch. An scape them shalt thou my penitent, and deare *Francis.*

Quick. Maister! *Pet.* Father!

Touch. I can no longer forbeare to do your humilitie right: Arise, and let me honour your Repentance, with the heartie and ioyfull embraces, of a Father, and Friends loue. *Quicke siluer*, thou hast eate into my breast, *Quicke siluer*, with the droppes of thy sorrow, & kild the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaime.

Quick. O sir, I am not worthie to see your worshipfull face.

Pet. Forgiue me Father.

Touch. Speake no more, all former passages are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thanke this worthie Brother, and kind friend *Francis.*—M. *Wolfe*, I am their Baile.

A shoute in the prison.

Secur. Maister *Touchstone*! Maister *Touchstone?*

Touch. Who's that?

Wolfe. Securitie, sir.

Secu. Pray you Sir, if youle be wonne with a Song, heare my lamentable tune, too.

SONG,

O Maister Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe,
Alas I am a Cuckold:
And why should it be so?
Because I was a Vsurer,
And bawd, as all you know,
For which, againe I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

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Touch; Bring him foorth M. *Wolfe*, & releaſe his bands. This day ſhall be ſacred to *Mercie*, & the mirth of this *Encounter*, in the *Counter*.--See, we are encountred with more ſuters.

Enter Miſt. Touchſt. Gyr. Mild. Synd. Winnif. &c.

Saue your Breath, ſaue your Breath: All things haue ſucceeded to your wiſhes: and we are heartily ſatisfied in their euents.

Gyr. Ah, Runaway, Runaway! haue I caught you? And, how has my poore Knight done all this while?

Pet. Deare Ladie wife, forgiue me.

Gyr. As heartily as I would be forgiuen, Knight. Deare Father, giue me your bleſsing, and forgiue me too; I ha'bin prowd, and laſciuious Father; and a Foole Father; & being raiſd to the ſtate of a wanton coy thing, calld a Lady, Father; haue ſcornd you, Father; and my Siſters! and my Siſters veluet cap too; and would make a mouth at the Citty, as I rid through it: and ſtop mine eares at *Bowbell:* I haue ſaide your Beard was a baſe one, Father; and that you lookt like *Twierpipe* the Taberer; and that my Mother was but my Midwife.

Mi. Touch. Now God forgi'you, Child Madam.

Touch. No more Repetitions. What is elſe wanting, to make our Harmony full?

Gol. Only this, ſir, That my Fellow *Francis* make a mends to Miſtreſſe *Sindefie*, with mariage. *Quic.* With all my heart.

Col. And *Securitie* giue her a dower, which ſhall be all the reſtitution he ſhal make of that huge maſſe, he hath ſo vnlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently deuiſd! a good motion. What ſaies M *Security*?

Secu. I ſay any thing ſir, what you'll ha me ſay. Would I were no Cuckold.

Winni. Cuckold, husband? why, I thinke this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why M. *Securitie*, that ſhould rather be a comfort to you, then a coraſiue. If you be a Cuckold, it's an argument you haue a beautifull woman to your wife, then, you ſhall be much made of; you ſhall haue ſtore of friends, neuer want money, you ſhall be eaſd of much o'your wedlock paine; others will take it for you: Beſides, you being a Vſurer, (and likely to goe to Hell) the Diuels will neuer torment you: They'll take you for one of their owne Race. Againe, if you be a Cuckold, and know it not, you are an *Innocent:* if you know it and indure it, a true *Martyr*.

Secur. I am reſolu'd ſir, Com chither *Winny*.

Touch.

Touch. Well then, all are pleased; or shall be anone, Maister *Wolfe*: you looke hungrie me thinke. Haue you no apparell to lend *Francis* to shift him?

Quick. No sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suite, that I may goe home, through the streetes, in these, as a spectacle, or rather an example to the *Children of Cheapside.*

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now London, looke about,
And in this morall see thy Glasse runne out:
Behold the carefull father; thriftie Sonne,
The solemne deeds which each of vs haue done,
The Vsurer punisht, and from Fall so steepe
The Prodigall child reclaimd, and the lost Sheepe. *Exeunt.*

EPILOGVS.

STay Sir, I perceiue the Multitude are gatherd together, to view our comming out at the *Counter*. See, if the streetes and the Fronts of the Houses, be not stucke with People, and the Windowes fill'd with Ladies, as on the solemne day of the *Pageant!*

O may you finde in this our Pageant, *heere,*
The same contentment, which you came to seeke:
And as that Shew *but drawes you once a yeare,*
May this attract you hither once a weeke.

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